

A N
INDEX *to* MANKIND:
O R
M A X I M S

Selected from
The WITS of all NATIONS,
For the Benefit of the *Present Age*,
and of *Posterity*;

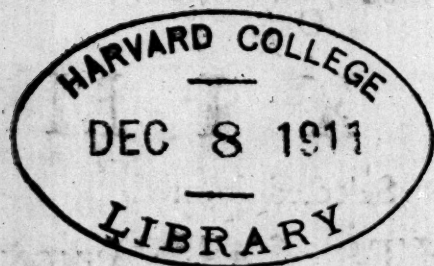
By Mrs. MARY MIDNIGHT,
Author of the *Midwife*, or *Old Woman's*
MAGAZINE.

Intermix'd with some
CURIOUS REFLECTIONS by that Lady,

A N D
A PREFACE by her good Friend, the late
Mr. POPE.

*My Son, attend unto my Wisdom, and bow thine Ear to my
Understanding.* PROVERBS V. I.

L O N D O N,
Printed for T. CARNAN, at Mr. NEWBERRY's,
the *Bible* and *Sun* in St. Paul's Church-yard.
MDCCLI.



Gift of
W. R. Castle, Jr.

P R E F A C E.

*B*Lessed is the Man who expects
nothing, for he shall never
be disappointed.

A. POPE.

P R E F A C E

Presented to the Man who expects
to be a great man.
is a great man.

A. T. T. T.

A 2
C O N

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INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

THAT “*the proper Knowledge of Mankind is MAN,*” was a Maxim of that Prodigy of Genius and Learning, the universally admired Mr. POPE; but the Sentiment, with Men of Sense, must of Necessity have been as old as the Creation. To promote this Knowledge the following Sheets are presented to the Public, as a methodical, rational, and entertaining Common-Place-Book. Many Things of this Nature (far too many!) have lately been produced:—But some of them are so ill-connected, that they seem only calculated to puzzle, not instruct the Reader.—Others are so formally disposed, that they have the Pedantic Regularity of a Dictionary; and others again consist only of such obvious and eternal Truths, as a Man must be a very Idiot not to know.

Amongst the many Uses I humbly presume this little Collection may promote, it is calculated to call a Man home to his own Heart, to make him reflect on himself, by viewing as in a Mirrour what he is, what he may be, and what he ought to be in every

INTRODUCTION.

ry Station of Life. Histories, Memoirs, Novels, and all such-like amusive Books, though they profess to give, and actually do give, some Sort of Moral, yet I am afraid they too often call off a Man's Attention, and while he is applauding, commiserating, envying, or hating *fictitious* Personages, he is lost to that which is the Essence of all *Reality*, HIMSELF.

What is here offered to the Reader is more what I have digested, than what I myself have wrote; and therefore I may, without Vanity or Partiality, commend it.—It is the Knowledge of Mankind, of the best of Mankind, and the Good Sense of our Ancestors.—To give it the Grace of Novelty, many fresh Maxims are added to this Work; if such an Expression may be allow'd of—for in Propriety of Speech there can be no such Thing as a new Maxim, for Maxims are founded upon Truth; and Truth, like her Author, is eternally and invariably the same.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

A N

A N
I N D E X
T O
M A N K I N D, &c.

Of the P R I N C E.

PRINCES should govern according to Law; yet little Innovations are often made, for which they plead Conscience; for a Politician's Conscience is like a Pair of Breeches, to be taken up or let down, as it may suit the Ease or Convenience of the Wearer.

The Prince is to be envied for nothing so much as the Supremacy of his Power to do good; and if his Inclination be equal to that Power, he must of necessity be the best Man in his Realm.

The Prince must be careful to remember that he is a *Man*, or his Subjects will forget that he is a *Prince*.

The King is the Life of the Law, and cannot have a Prerogative that is mortal to it.

The Law is to have a Soul in it, or it is a dead Thing. The King is, by his sovereign Power, to add Warmth and Vigour to the Meaning of the Law. We are by no means to believe there is such an Antipathy between them, that the Prerogative, like a Basilisk, is to kill the Law whenever it looks upon it.

In a limited Monarchy, Prerogative and Liberty are as jealous of one another, as any two neighbouring States can be of their respective Encroachments.

Power is so apt to be insolent, and Liberty to be faucy, that they are very seldom upon good Terms.

They are both so quarrellsome, that they will not easily enter into a fair Treaty: For indeed it is hard to bring them together; they ever quarrel at a distance.

If Prerogative will urge Reason to support it, it must bear Reason when it resisteth it; for it is a Diminution, instead of a Glory, to be above treating upon equal Terms with Reason.

The Good-Will of the Governed will be starv'd, if it is not fed by the good Conduct of the Governors.

That Prince, who falleth out with the Laws, breaks with his best Friends.

His exalting his Authority above his Laws, is like letting in his Enemies to surprize his Guards; for the Laws are the only Guards he can be sure will never run away from him.

Where the least useful Part of the People have the most Credit with the Prince, Men will conclude, that the way to get every thing is to be good for nothing.

When a Prince's Example ceaseth to have the Force of a Law, it is a sure Sign that his Power is wasting, and that there is but little Distance between Men's neglecting to imitate, and their refusing to obey.

A King may be a Tool, a Thing of Straw; but if he serves to frighten our Enemies, and secure our Property, it is well enough. A Scare-crow is a Thing of Straw, but it protects the Corn.

The Prince that maintains the Reputation of a true, fast, and generous Friend, has an Army always ready to fight for him, maintained to his Hand without Pay.

Passive Obedience, Unlimited Power, and Indefeasible Right, seem to have something of a venerable Meaning in them; whereas they only imply, that a King has a Right to be a Tyrant, and that the People are obliged in Conscience to be Slaves.

Men naturally love their Princes, as appears by the Court made to them in the Beginning of their Reigns; yet it seldom lasts long, by reason Princes often mistake their true Interest, and enrich their Courtiers at the Expence of their People; preferring, as it were, the

Parroquet

Parroquet and *Monkey*, that are of no solid Use to them, to the Sheep and Oxen that cloath and feed them.

Changing Hands, without changing Measures, is as if a Drunkard in a Dropsy should change his Doctors, and not his Diet.

Princes think it necessary to promise sometimes, when they know it would not be Wisdom to perform.

Princes, as they are said to be the Fountain of Honour, should never be dry by being worse than their Words.

A Prince 'tis certain ought to be religious, but it is absolutely necessary he seem so; for the People will never promise themselves any Felicity under him, if they do not think God on his Side; and, on the contrary, will be apt to impute the Disappointments of every Year to the Want of Devotion.

A Prince has not Fortune enough to pay a Man for a base Compliance, if he considers what it costs the Man who gives it; nor too much Power to punish him, if he measures his Vengeance by the Wrong done him.

In a mix'd Monarchy, Salaries should not be so great as to make those desire them who do not want them.

If Kings had not gilded the Profession of Arms with Honour and Advantage, no reasonable Man would be a Sacrifice to their Ambition and Injustice, and profess himself an open Enemy to those who never did him any Harm.

A Monarch that deservedly fills a Throne, sometimes finds it extremely pleasant to debase himself, to leave the Theatre, quit the Buskins, and act a more familiar Part with a Confident.

A Prince may be familiar with his Subjects without derogating from his Majesty, but not supercilious without Danger.

Men are not capable of a Felicity on Earth more natural, more sensible, and sublime, than to know they are tenderly beloved; and if Kings are Men, can they purchase their Subjects Hearts at too dear a Rate?

Charles the Fifth was wont to say, that the Clemency of a Prince is like the Heat of the Sun, which hardeneth Dirt whilst it softeneth Wax.

How happy is that Post, which every Minute furnishes Opportunities of doing good to Thousands! But how dangerous is that, which every Moment exposes to the injuring of Millions!

A Prince's Negligence or Fear, or sometimes a Word from a Favourite, or Importunity from somebody else, make a Pardon pass for an Act of Mercy, when his Clemency had nothing to do in it.

A luxurious and proud Monarch is like a Shepherd adorned with Gold and Jewels, a golden Crook in his Hand, a Collar of Gold about his Dog's Neck, and a golden String to lead him: But what's his Flock the better for all this? or what avails it against the Wolves?

Of MINISTERS *of* STATE.

A Mercenary Minister is like a large Pike in a Pond, that feeds upon the other Fish, and is the only one that grows fat.

No Abilities should qualify a noted Knave to be employ'd in Business. A Knave can by none of his Dexterities make amends for the Scandal he brings upon the Crown.

The nicest Constitutions of Government are often like the finest Pieces of Clock-Work, which depending on so many Motions, are therefore more subject to be out of Order.

The World deals with Ministers of State as they do with ill Fiddlers, ready to kick them down Stairs for playing ill, though few of the Fault-finders understand their Music enough to be good Judges.

Men are so unwilling to displease a Prince, that it is as dangerous to inform him right, as to serve him wrong.

If

If the Boys were to chuse a Schoolmaster, it would be one that would not whip them; it would be the same thing, if the Courtiers were to chuse a Minister: They would have a great many Play-Days, no Rods, and Leave to rob Orchards.—The Parallel will hold.

At Court, if a Man hath too much Pride to be a Creature, he had better stay at home: A Man who will rise at Court must begin by creeping upon all Four. A Place at Court, like a Place in Heaven, is to be got by being much upon one's *Knees*.

Men in Business are in as much Danger from those that work under them, as from those that work against them.

When the Instruments bend under the Weight of their Business, it is like a weak-legg'd Horse, that brings his Rider down with him: When they are too strong, they throw him off.

'Tis with Followers at Court as with Followers on the Road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their Heels.

A Man coming to the Water-side is surrounded by all the Crew; every one is officious, every one making Applications, every one offering his Services; the whole Bustle of the Place seems to be only for him. The same Man going from the Water-side, no Noise is made about him; no Creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter Neglect!—The Picture of a Minister when he comes into Power, and when he goes out.

The tallest Trees are most in the Power of the Winds, and ambitious Men of the Blasts of Fortune. Great Marks are soonest hit.

Many great Actions owe their Success to Chance, though the General and Statesman run away with the Applause.

The Example of the Great has an Effect on all below them, and Virtue in those of the most exalted Station generally propagates itself to all beneath it. The truly wise Statesman knows that the Virtues of a People are the greatest Security of a happy Government; and therefore, even though he had not Virtue in him-

self, he would affect to appear to have it: And a continued Affectation has very many of the Effects of Reality.

He that is truly great will never be proud; as always the most generous Wines carry the least Head.

Affiduity is one of the best Qualities in a Courtier to recommend him to his Master. As Prince *Maurice* was once at Dinner, in came a huge Mastiff, and took Sanctuary under the Table: The Page beat him out of the Room, and kick'd him; but, for all that, *Monsieur le Chien* came punctually at the same Hour next Day, and so continued his Visits, though they still continued the same Treatment to him. At last, the Prince order'd them to beat him no more, and made much of him: From that Time the Mastiff commenced a perfect Courtier, followed the Prince wherever he went, lay all Night at his Chamber-Door, ran by his Coach-Side as duly as one of his Lacqueys; in short, so insinuated himself into his Master's Favour, that when he died he settled a Pension upon him for Life.

The whole Series of Virtues are the Business, the Interest of a Minister; and he will find them all contribute to his Greatness, and to the Continuance of it.

A Gentleman is judged by his Company, a Workman by his Tools, and a Prince by his Ministers.

All Superiority is odious, but in a Subject over his Prince it is ever foolish, or fatal: An accomplish'd Man conceals vulgar Advantages, as a modest Woman hides her Beauty under a negligent Dress.

When Ministers refuse to serve but upon their own Terms, they are no longer Servants, but Masters.

Ministers that are allow'd to put in and out when they please, make themselves Friends, but their Prince Enemies.

Men should be employ'd in what they are fit for: A good Coachman should not be made your Cook, only because it is a better Place, and he has a mind to it.

Princes usually make wiser Choices than the Servants whom they trust for the Disposal of Places. I have

have known a Prince, more than once, chuse an able Minister; but I never observed that Minister to use his Credit in the Disposal of an Employment to a Person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest of this Age owned and excused the Matter, from the Violence of Parties, and the Unreasonableness of Friends.

I have known several Persons of great Fame for Wisdom in publick Affairs and Counsels, governed by foolish Servants.

Of POLITICIANS and PARTIES.

POLITICIANS of opposite Parties are like the Waves of opposite Currents, always destroying each other; and their Followers are their Bubbles.

There are Men who shine in a Faction, and make a Figure by Opposition, who would stand in a worse Light, if they had the Preferments they struggle for.

The best Party is but a Kind of Conspiracy against the rest of the Nation. They put every body else out of their Protection. Like the *Jews* to the *Gentiles*, all others are the Off-scouring of the Earth.

Party cuts off one Half of the World from the other, so that the mutual Improvement of Men's Understanding by conversing, &c. is lost; and Men are half undone when they lose the Advantage of knowing what their Enemies think of them.

They forget insensibly that there is any body in the World but themselves, by keeping no other Company; so they mis-calculate cruelly. And thus Parties mistake their Strength, by the same Reason that private Men over-value themselves; for we, by finding fault with others, build up a partial Esteem of ourselves upon the Foundation of their Mistakes. So Men in Parties find fault with those in the Administration, not without Reason, but forget that they would be exposed to the same Objections, and perhaps greater,

er, if it was their Adversaries Turn to have the fault-finding Part.

Ignorance makes most Men go into a Party, and Shame keeps them from getting out of it.

Popularity is a Crime from the Moment it is sought; it is only a Virtue where Men have it whether they will or no.

A Man that will head the Mob is like a Bull let loose, tied about with Squibs and Crackers. He must be half mad that goes about it, yet at some times shall be too hard for all the wise Men in a Kingdom; for though good Sense speaks against Madness, yet it is out of Countenance whenever it meets it.

Party is the Madness of many, for the Gain of a few.

There never was any Party, Faction, Sect, or Cabal whatsoever, in which the most Ignorant were not the most Violent; for a Bee is not a busier Animal than a Blockhead. However, such Instruments are necessary to Politicians; and perhaps it may be with States as with Clocks, which must have some dead Weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the Motions of the finer and more useful Parts.

To endeavour to work upon the Vulgar with fine Sense, is like attempting to hew Blocks with a Razor.

A Person who is too nice an Observer of the Business of the Crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the Labour of the Bees, will often be stung for his Curiosity.

Politicks, as the Word is commonly understood, are nothing but Corruptions, and consequently of no Use to a good King, or a good Ministry; for which Reason Courts are so over-run with Politicks.

A Person was asked at Court, what he thought of an Ambassador and his Train, who were all Embroidery and Lace, full of Bows, Cringes, and Gestures: He said it was *Solomon's* Importation, *Gold and Apes*.

Some People pretend to be zealous Patriots, only to cloak their Malice and Ambition; therefore they are always railing at Governments, if they can have no Hand in them.

An *English* Malecontent is like a Dog shut out of Doors in a cold Night, who only howls to be let in.

Parties in a State generally, like Free-booters, hang out false Colours: The Pretence is the publick Good; the real Business is to catch Prizes. Like the *Tartars*, whenever they succeed, instead of improving their Victory, they presently fall upon the Baggage.

People will ever suspect the Remedies for the Diseases of a State, wherever they are excluded from seeing how they are prepared: For that Conduct often seems ridiculous, the secret Reasons of which are wise and solid.

Debauching a Member of the House of Commons from his Principles, and creating him a Peer, is not much better than making a Woman a Whore, and afterwards marrying her.

He will never be thought a disinterested Member, who receives a Pension from the Crown.

A Place at Court is a continual Bribe.

It is harder to find an honest Man than an able one; Business, which improves the one, corrupts the other.

They who live under *Tyranny*, and have learn'd to admire its Power as *sacred* and *divine*, are debauched as much in their Religion as in their Morals.

When a Man is made a Spiritual Peer, he loses his Surname; when a Temporal, his Christian Name.

Greater Things might and would be done, were we not so severe upon Miscarriages. A *Roman* Consul had the Thanks of the Senate, though he was beaten, because he did not despair; when if *we* lose one Ship, we are presently for changing the Admiralty.

A Traitor that impeaches is twice a Villain; yet we see some dignified, all rewarded, while Men of real good Service want Bread.

The Thoughts of Freedom make People easy in a Republick, though they suffer more than under an arbitrary Monarch.

He that would rise at Court must have a large Throat to swallow Indignities, and a good strong Stomach to digest them afterwards. He

He that carries merit to Court will soon be crowded out of the Ring.

Why should we wonder that *Commodus* is exalted, when Scum will be always uppermost, as well as Cream?

Of the PEOPLE, as a Body.

A People can no more stand without Government, than a Child can go without Leading-Strings. As old and as big as a Nation is, it cannot go by itself, and must be led. The Numbers, that make its Strength, are at the same time the Cause of its Weakness and Incapacity of acting.

There are as many apt to be angry at being well, as at being ill governed; for most Men, to be well governed, must be scurvily used.

Many, who carry the Liberty of the People highest, serve them as they do Trouts, tickle them till they catch them.

There is an accumulative Cruelty in a Number of Men, though none in particular are ill-natured.

The angry Buzz of a Multitude is one of the bloodiest Noises in the World.

The common People are but ill Judges of a Man's Merits. They are Slaves to Fame; their Eyes are dazzled with the Pomp of Titles, and a large Retinue; 'tis no Wonder they bestow their Honours on those who least deserve them.

Of RELIGION and the CLERGY.

THEY who may be said to be of God Almighty's Household, should shew by their Lives that he hath a well-disciplined Family.

There

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested People in the World of one Religion, but that they should talk together every Day.

Religion is exalted Reason, refined and sifted from the grosser Parts of it: It dwells in the upper Region of the Mind, where there are fewest Clouds or Mists to darken or offend it: It is both the Foundation and the Crown of all Virtues: It is Morality improved and raised to its Height, by being carried nearer Heaven, the only Place where Perfection resides.

Superstition is the Spleen of the Soul.

Atheists put on a false Courage and Alacrity in the midst of their Darkness and Apprehensions; like Children, who, when they go in the dark, will sing for Fear.

A sick Person has usually Confidence in his Physician, credits what is told him, and uses what is prescribed; but an immoral Man seldom believes that his Mind is sick, flights his Doctor, and applies not the proper Remedies.

Virtue is that which must tip the Preacher's Tongue, and the Ruler's Sceptre, with Authority.

Profaneness in Conversation passes for Sprightliness and Wit; whereas it is a Sign of wanting both Judgment and Manners.

Religion is nothing else but the Knowledge of the most excellent Truths, the Contemplation of the most glorious Objects, the Hope of the most ravishing Pleasures, and the Practice of such Duties as are most serviceable to our Happiness, and to our Peace, our Health, our Honour, our Prosperity, and our eternal Welfare. But it would be a great Acquisition in Morality, if Divines demonstrated by their Example, that they really believed their own virtuous Precepts.

When a vicious Preacher censures Vice, his Congregation thinks he is joking. He may exclaim and denounce as much as he pleases, in hopes of prevailing; but he convinces no Mortal of the Wickedness of his Ways, nor makes one Sinner repent.

True Devotion is the Source of Repose; it supports us in Life, and sweetens Death.

The

The Law of God is but the Law of Reason, reveal'd and establish'd under those high Rewards and Punishments of Heaven and Hell.

The Care of *Religion*, and of our Souls, is *the one Thing necessary*. He that neglects the Obligations of Virtue and Humanity, dies without doing that for which he was made to live.

Christianity is the highest Exaltation of Nature and right Reason, the only excellent and compendious Art of happy Living. Piety towards *God*, Justice and Charity towards *Men*, and Temperance and Chastity in reference to *Ourselves*, are Tasks that are Rewards, and Precepts that are a divine Sort of Alchymy, to sublime at once our Natures and our Pleasures.

Who would ever imagine, did not Experience daily lay it before our Eyes, how difficult a Thing it is to persuade Man to be happy? Or who would think that there should be Occasion for an Order of Men design'd for that Purpose, to prepare long Speeches, to make use of all the soft and eloquent Expressions they can think of, to study the very Tone with which they deliver them, to use Gestures and such violent Motions that they put themselves in a Sweat, and spend all their Spirits; who, I say, could imagine that all these Things were needful for the bringing of a Christian, that is endow'd with Reason, and labours under a desperate Fit of Sicknes, to chuse rather to be eternally happy, than to lose his own Soul?

An irreligious and profane Clergyman does but declaim when he preaches. On the contrary, there are some holy Men, whose Character seems to prevent their Persuasion. They appear, and all the People who attend to hear them are moved, and are, as it were, already persuaded by their Presence: Their Discourse afterwards does the rest.

The Papists would fain have the Doctrine of the Protestants thought new Inventions. One ask'd a Protestant, where his Religion was before the Time of *Luther*: *Did you wash your Face this Morn'g*, replied the Protestant? *Yes*, answer'd the other: *Then where was your Face*, said the Protestant, *before it was wash'd?*

A hand-

A handsome Wife and a fine House is a Country Parson's Coat of Arms; a Tythe-Capon and a Tythe-Pig are the two Supporters.

Of the LAW and LAWYERS.

Division crowns the Labour of the Lawyer, and keeps his Practice alive, in spite of all Opposition. Whereas certain malevolent Persons, having evil Designs against the Law, would traitorously, feloniously, and of Malice afore-thought, stifle good Causes in their Birth, or not suffer them to grow to Maturity; a sensible Lawyer here steps in, with his Art of Division, and prevents the fatal Mischief, by inspiring both Parties with Courage; and spiriting up their languid Forces, compels them to join Issue, and drag the languishing Cause to the Bar.

Justice without Mercy is extreme Injury; and it is as great Tyranny not to mitigate Laws, as Iniquity to break them. The Extremity of Right is Extremity of Wrong.

Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverend than plausible, and more advised than confident: Above all Things, Integrity is their Portion, and proper Virtue.

A Judge that is prepossessed in any Cause, and does not hear both Sides indifferently, though the Judgment he gives be right, yet himself errs; for there can be no Integrity, where there is any Partiality.

An Advocate for Injustice is like a Bawd, that is worse than her Client who committeth the Sin.

If Books and Laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty Years past, I am in some Concern for future Ages, how any Man will be Learned, or any Man a Lawyer.

The rich Man, that attempts at his own Expence to make all Knaves honest, will quickly see his Error, or die a Beggar. But the poor Fool, that rashly engages

in a Law-Suit, commits himself to the House of Correction, where he must labour stoutly to pay his Fees.

Whoever flies to a knavish Lawyer for Succour, as the Sheep to the Bushes in a Storm, must expect to leave good Part of his Coat behind him.

There never was heard a finer Piece of Satire against Lawyers, than that of Astrologers, when they pretend by Rules of Art to tell when a Suit will end, and whether to the Advantage of the Plaintiff or Defendant; thus making the Matter depend entirely upon the Influence of the Stars, without the least Regard to the Merits of the Cause.

Of the PHYSICIAN.

LUXURY and Idleness are sworn Friends to the Physician, and Fancy and Folly fill his Pockets.

Physicians frequently obtain a Name for Cures perform'd by Nature or Accident, or by Help of the Patient's Imagination.

Many Diseases may be changed, or even cured by the Passions, as Surprise, Joy, and strong Expectation; of which there are numerous Instances: Yet in such Cases, the ignorant Multitude give all the Credit to the Doctor; though he did no more than visit the Patient, without prescribing. This is betraying as gross Ignorance as the Country-Girl, who consulted a Doctor about finding a lost Sheep; and he, out of a Joke, gave her a Purge: But as the Sheep was found during the Operation, the Girl made herself sure the Medicine was the Cause, and the Doctor a Conjuror.

Though the Doctor may have carefully observed a great Number of Patients, yet every sensible Patient has had the best and longest Experience of himself, and may therefore be the best Guide to his Doctors. ⁵⁷⁰ Patient's Judgment be sound, he shall have my Consent to be his own Physician.

All

All Patients are not so happy as the *Saviss*, who falling sick upon a Journey, and being in a Hurry to get on, took the Physick of eight Days at once, and recover'd.

The Person that, being provoked by excessive Pain, thrust his Dagger into his Body, and thereby, instead of reaching his Vitals, open'd an Impoſthume, the unknown Cause of all his Pain, and so stabb'd himself into perfect Health and Ease, surely had great Reason to acknowledge Providence for his Surgeon, and the Guider of his Hand.

Of all Professions, the *Physicians* have this Advantage, that the Sun makes manifest what good Success happens in their Cures, and the Earth buries the Faults they commit.

If a Physician, in his own Case, refuses to take the same Medicine he prescribes to others, we can have no Confidence in him.

It gives us but an ill Impression of the Capacity of the Gentlemen of the Faculty, to see Medicines have their Fashions, like Hats and Wigs: Nothing is cur'd now without *Jesuit's Powder*, *Opium*, and *Steel*.

That sick Man does ill for himself, who makes his Physician his Heir.

Of WISDOM, LEARNING, and GOOD SENSE.

NO Man is wise or safe, but he that is honest.

A rich Fool among the Wise is like a gilt empty Bowl among the Thirsty.

If he is only rich who wants nothing, a very wise Man is a very rich Man.

Were Angels, if they look into the Ways of Men, to give in their Catalogue of Worthies, how different would it be from that which any of our own Species would draw up! We are dazzled with the Splendour of Titles, the Ostentation of Learning, the Noise of Victories:

ries: They, on the contrary, see the Philosopher in the Cottage, who possesseth his Soul in Patience and Thankfulness, under the Pressures of what little Minds call Poverty and Distress. The Evening's Walk of a *Wise Man* is more illustrious in their Sight, than the March of a General at the Head of a hundred thousand Men. A Contemplation of God's Works, a generous Concern for the Good of Mankind, and an unfeigned Humility, only denominate Men *wise, great, and good*.

The wise Man is cured of Ambition, by Ambition; he aims at such great Things, that Riches, Preferment, Fortune, and Favour cannot satisfy him. He sees nothing good and solid enough in such poor Advantages to engage his Heart, to deserve his Care or his Desire. The only Good that is of Temptation to him, is that Kind of Honour which is derived from pure and un-mixed Virtue.

He is a wise Man, who, though not skill'd in Science, knows how to govern his Passions and Affections: Our Passions are our Infirmities. He that can make a Sacrifice of his Will is Lord of Himself.

Great Reading, without applying it, is like Corn *heaped* that is not *stirred*, it grows musty.

A learned Coxcomb dyeth his Mistakes in so much a deeper Colour: A wrong Kind of Learning serveth only to embroider his Errors: And a Man that hath read, without Judgment, is like a Gun charged with Goose-Shot, let loose upon the Company.

The Reading of most Men is like a Wardrobe of old Cloaths that are seldom used.

'Tis a silly Conceit, that Men without Languages are also without Understanding: It's apparent in all Ages, that some such have been even Prodigies for Ability; for it's not to be believed that Wisdom speaks to her Disciples only in *Latin, Greek, and Hebrew*.

Men are apt to over-value the *Tongues*, and to think they have made a considerable Progress in Learning, when they have once overcome these; yet in reality there is no internal Worth in them, and Men may

understand

understand a thousand Languages without being the wiser.

There needeth little Care to *polish* the Understanding; if true Means are used to *strengthen* it, it will polish itself.

When a Man owns himself to be in an Error, he does but tell you in other Words, that he is wiser than he was.

Wit is the Nimbleness of the Understanding, Wisdom the Strength: A witty Man seldom says a foolish Thing, a wise Man never does one. They are commendable apart, but admirable together.

There is as much Difference between Wit and Wisdom, as betwixt the Talent of a Buffoon and a Statesman; and yet, in the ordinary Course of the World, one passes often for the other.

Many, by endeavouring to purchase the Reputation of being *witty*, have lost the Advantage of appearing *wise*; and, by too often trying to excite Laughter, made themselves ridiculous.

There is as much Wisdom in bearing other People's Defects, as in being sensible of their good Qualities; and we should make the Follies of others rather a Warning and Instruction to ourselves, than a Subject of Mirth and Mockery of those that commit them.

Good Manners is such a Part of Good Sense, that they cannot be divided; but that which a Fool calleth Good Breeding is the most unmannerly Thing in the World.

The less knowing a Man is in any Thing, the more practicable he takes that Thing to be; whilst the most Intelligent are usually timorous and dubious. The ignorant Man knows not his own Weakness, but fancies himself strong enough to perform any thing; whereas, the intelligent Man knows his own Strength and Weakness, and is therefore often inclined to doubt, suspend, and suspect.

A Man's House may be so fill'd with Furniture, that he shall want Room to stir; and a Man's Head may be so stuff'd with other People's Thoughts, that his own shall be stifled. But moderate Learning, and
C 3 useful

useful Labour, make a wise and virtuous People; for moderate Learning strengthens the Understanding, and useful Labour suppresses Vice. Too much Eating does not make a Man healthy, and too much Reading does not make him wise. Reflection is the Soul of Study.

Witty Men commit the most fatal Errors, as the strongest Horses make the most dangerous Stumbles: A moderate Genius goes fair and softly, and advances slowly, but more certainly, to a Design.

Fine Sense and Exalted Sense are not half so useful as Common Sense. There are forty Men of Wit, for one Man of Sense: And he that will carry nothing about him but Gold, will be every Day at a Loss for want of readier Change.

The best Jewellers use the least Silver; and he that will set his Thoughts to Advantage must not over-load them with Words.

The best Way to prove the Clearness of our Mind, is by shewing its Faults; as when a Stream discovers the Dirt at the Bottom, it convinces us of the Transparency and Purity of the Water.

A wise Man thinks no one his Superior, who does him an Injury; for he has it then in his Power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

A wise Man maintains the Strength of his Body, not by Delicacies, but by Temperance; and drinks Wine, as sick Men take Physick, merely for Health. Reason is his Rule, Conscience his Counsellor, and his Actions are ever contrary to those he finds fault with. Age renders him neither morose nor imperious; his Knowledge influences and tempers his Mind with all the Humanity, Goodness, Calmness, Strength and Sincerity of a sound and unaffected Philosopher, and makes his Conversation so affable, pleasant, and instructive, that both Young and Old delight in it, and improve by his Counsels.

A wise Man neither suffers himself to be governed, nor attempts to govern others; 'tis his Reason alone which always governs him.

The Constancy of the Wise is only the Art of keeping their Perturbations to themselves.

Fancy

Fancy and Wisdom seldom go together, nor are the Fruits of the same Soil or Season.

Sublime Fancy may by Age and Experience cool into Wisdom: Out of such the great Men of the World have been ever formed.

When a true Genius appears in the World, you may know him by this Sign, that the Dunces are all in Confederacy against him.

Of WEALTH and HONOUR,

THE Situation of the Rich differs not considerably from that of the Poor. Want and Superfluity may be attended with equal Inconveniences; as intense Cold and Heat have equally bad Effects.

A Golden Shield is of great Defence.

It is not uncommon to see dejected Countenances in gilt Coaches, and merry Faces behind them.

He is the richest Man who desires no Superfluity, and wants for no Necessary.

The discontented Rich are poor; and those unhappy, whom small Misfortunes subdue.

A Gentleman may be poor in the midst of Plenty; but to be discontented with Riches, is accumulated Poverty.

Some People are all Quality; you would think they were made up of nothing but Title and Genealogy: The Stamp of Dignity defaces in them the very Character of Humanity, and transports them to such a Degree of Haughtiness, that they reckon it below them to exercise either good Nature, or good Manners.

If Gentility be a Virtue, that Man loses his Title that is not virtuous: If it is not a Virtue, it is hardly worth his Care.

Title and Ancestry render a good Man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a *Prince*; and Virtue honourable, though in a *Peasant*.

Be

Be circumspect and courteous; bear the Faults of some, the Unpoliteness of others, and pardon every body sooner than yourself.

Though an honourable Title may be conveyed to Posterity, yet the ennobling Qualities, which are the Soul of Greatness, are a Sort of incommunicable Perfections, and cannot be transferred. Indeed, if a Man could bequeath his Virtues by Will, and settle his Sense and Learning upon his Heirs, as certainly as he can his Lands, a brave Ancestor would be a mighty Privilege.

If 'tis a Happiness to be nobly descended, 'tis no less to have so much Merit, that our Birth is the least Thing consider'd in us.

He only is worthy of Esteem, that knows what is just and honest, and dares do it; that is Master of his own Passions, and scorns to be a Slave to another's: Such an one, in the lowest Poverty, is a far better Man, and merits more Respect, than those gay Things who owe all their Greatness and Reputation to their Rentals and Revenues.

'Tis very strange, that no Estimate is made of any Creature, except ourselves, but by its proper Qualities. *He has a magnificent House, so many thousand Pounds a Year,* is the common Way of estimating Men, though these Things are only *about them*, not *in them*, and make no Part of their Character.

A Man of Wit, who is born proud, loses nothing of his Pride or Stiffness for being poor; on the contrary, if any thing will soften him, and render him more sweet and sociable, 'tis a little Prosperity.

There is not in the World a surer Sign of a little Soul, than the striving to gain Respect by such despicable Means as Dress and rich Cloaths: None will depend on these Ornaments, but they who have no other.

A fine Coat is but a Livery, when the Person who wears it discovers no higher Sense than that of a Footman.

We may see the small Value God has for Riches, by the People he gives them to.

Idle

Idle *Gentlemen*, and idle *Beggars*, are the very Pests of the Commonwealth.

'Tis true that Greatness constitutes Glory, and Virtue is the Cause of both: But Vice and Ignorance taint the Blood; and an unworthy Behaviour degrades and disennobles a Man more than Birth and Fortune aggrandize and exalt him.

He that depends *wholly* upon the Worth of others, ought to consider that he hath but the Honour of an Image; and is worshipped, not for his own sake, but upon the Account of what he represents. It is a Sign a Man is very poor, when he has nothing of his own to appear in, but is forced to patch up his Figure with the Relicks of the Dead, and rife Tomb-stones and Monuments for Reputation.

When Riches and Favour forsake a Man, we see presently he was a Fool, but nobody could find it out in his Prosperity: For 'tis in vain to pretend to turn a rich Blockhead into Ridicule; the Laughters are still on his Side.

There is no Character more deservedly esteemed, than that of a Country-Gentleman, who understands the Station in which Heaven and Nature have placed him. He is a Father to his Tenants, a Patron to his Neighbours, and is more superior to those of lower Fortune by his Benevolence than his Possessions. He justly divides his Time between Solitude and Company, so as to use the one for the other: His Life is employ'd in the good Offices of an Advocate, a Referee, a Companion, a Mediator, and a Friend.

As one Man, by often affirming he has seen some miraculous Sight, persuades himself he really has; as another, by hiding his Age from others, comes to believe at last he is as young as he would be thought: So the Man who, though meanly born, has taken a Habit of talking of his Grandfather that own'd this or that great Seat, or of his Great-Grandfather that was Lord of this or that Manor, which they perhaps never heard of; this Man, I say, has the Pleasure of fancying himself at length to be descended from some considerable Family.

Great

Great Men are like Wolves; we must not strike at them unless we are secure of our Blow, for if we miss, they will be sure to tear us to pieces.

Of the LADIES.

THOSE that talk least talk the best, for what is said in a few Words has the greatest Weight.

The Wife of an angry Man should say little, but rather write down her Answers, that her Husband may cool while he is reading.

Ladies will easily pardon a Man's Want of Sense, but rarely his Want of Manners.

Nature has been very kind to some young Ladies, but they are not sensible of the Happiness: They spoil by Affectation those Gifts which they enjoy by the distinguishing Character of Heaven.

The formal Lady is all Show and Words; the Conduct of the wise Woman is better than her Words. One follows her Humour and Fancy, the other her Reason and Affection. This is precise and austere, the other is on all Occasions exactly what she ought to be. The first hides her Failings under a plausible Outside; the second covers a rich Treasure of Virtues under a free and careless Air. Formality puts a Constraint on Wit, neither does it hide Age or Wrinkles; it gives Cause to suspect them often: Wisdom, on the contrary, palliates the Defects of the Body, and ennobles the Mind. It renders Youth more charming, and Beauty more dangerous.

A Woman is not to be proud of her fine Gown; nor, when she hath less Wit than her Neighbours, to comfort herself because she hath more Lace.

Some Ladies put so much Weight upon Ornaments, that if one could see into their Hearts, it would be found, that even the Thought of Death is made less heavy to them by the Contemplation of their being laid out in State.

If Women were form'd by Nature, what they make themselves by Art; if they were to lose in a Minute all the Freshness of their Complexion, and were to have their Faces as thick with Red and Paint as they lay them on, they would look on themselves as the most wretched Creatures in the World.

Tell a Woman of her Age, and perhaps you make her as deeply blush, as if you accused her of Incontinency.

Women are the first that are possessed of an Opinion of their own Beauty, and the last that quit it.

A Coquet is one that is never to be persuaded out of her Inclination; for Affectation attends her, even in Sickness and Pain. She dies in a high Head and colour'd Ribbons. She takes a Compliment for a Demonstration, and sets it up in Evidence even against her Looking-Glass.

A Woman that has but one Gallant thinks she is no Coquet; she that has more thinks herself but a Coquet.

When a Lady brags of her Virtue, it looks as if it cost her much Pains to get the better of herself.

When she would appear unreasonably humble, one may see she is so excessively proud, that there is no enduring it. There is such an impertinent Smile, such a satisfied Simper, when she faintly disowns some fulsome Compliment which a Man happens to throw upon her against his Conscience, that her Thanks are more visible under that Disguise than if she should print them.

He that contemns a Shrew, to the Degree of not wording it with her, does worse than *beat* her.

When a Woman no longer loves a Man, she forgets him so much, as not to remember the Favours he has received from her.

The Women are not at so little Trouble to express what they never feel, as the Men are to express the real Sentiments of their Hearts.

A beautiful Woman, that has the Qualities of a Man of Honour, is of all the Conversation in the World

World the most delicious. In her alone is to be found all the Merit of both Sexes.

Women should be acquainted, that no Beauty has any Charm, but the inward one of the Mind; and that Gracefulness in their Manners is much more engaging than that of their Persons; that Meekness and Modesty are their true and lasting Ornaments: For she that has these is qualified as she ought to be, for the Management of a Family, for the Education of Children, for the Affection of her Husband, and submitting to a prudent Way of living. These only are the Charms that render Wives amiable, and give them the best Title to our Respect.

A prudent Woman is in the same Class of Honour as a wise Man.

Nothing can atone for the Want of Modesty and Innocence, without which Beauty is ungraceful, and Quality contemptible.

'Tis not the Lustre of Gold, the Sparkling of Emeralds and Diamonds, nor the Splendor of the Purple Tincture, that adorns or embellishes a Woman, but Gravity, Discretion, Humility, and Modesty.

'Tis not Chastity to be insensible of Youth and Beauty, nor Sobriety not to love Wine. 'Tis not abusing the Creature that is a Virtue, not omitting the Use of them.

Of LOVE and CONJUGAL VIRTUE.

A Fine Face is the finest of all Sights, and the sweetest Musick is the Sound of her Voice whom we love.

As nice as we are in Love, we pardon more Faults in Love than in Friendship. In Friendship we only see those Faults which may be prejudicial to our Friends: In those we love we see no Faults, but those by which we suffer.

No

No Disguise can long *conceal* Love where it is, nor *feign* it where it is not.

Love lends his Name to many a Correspondence, wherein he is no more concerned than the *Doge* in what is done in *Venice*.

The Madness of Love is to be sick on one Part, and cured in another: The Madness of Jealousy, to seek diligently, yet hope to lose one's Labour.

Women in Love sooner forgive great Indiscretions, than small Infidelities.

Prudence and Love are inconsistent; as the last increases, the other decreases.

Solid Love, whose Root is Virtue, can no more die than Virtue itself. But without Constancy, there is neither Love, Friendship, nor Virtue in the World.

A Husband seldom has a Rival, whom he does not make himself; and whom he does not, as it were, make a Present, of to his Wife.

A Woman's Knowledge of her Duty to her Husband should appear so perfect, that it should seem like a Cement which joins Obedience so well with Command, that it can hardly be distinguish'd who commands, and who obeys.

He who gets a good Husband for his Daughter hath gained a Son; and he who meets with a bad one hath lost a Daughter.

When a sedate Temper meets with a brisk one, a passionate Man with a quiet Woman, an extravagant Husband with a frugal Wife, &c. the Bond of Union is rather strengthen'd than relaxed.

The Emperor *Conrade*, when he besieged *Guelpho* Duke of *Bavaria*, would not accept of any other Conditions than that the Men should be Prisoners; but that the Women might go out of the Town without Violation of their Honour, on Foot, and with so much only as they could carry about them: Which was no sooner known, but they contrived presently to carry out upon their Shoulders their Husbands and Children, and even the Duke himself. The Emperor was so affected with the Generosity of the Action, that he

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treated

treated the Duke and his People ever after with great Humanity.

In Love there are two Sorts of Constancy: One arises from our continually finding in the beloved Person fresh Motives to Love; and the other proceeds from our making it a Point of Honour to be constant.

Love is easier to counterfeit than conceal; yet if Women did not flatter themselves, we should not so much impose on them. It is the Nature of the Creature makes the Honeyfuckle Poison to the Spider, and not the Bee.

As there is little or no Use to be made of a Mirror, though in a Frame of Gold, enchas'd with all the sparkling Variety of the richest Gems, unless it renders back the true Similitude of the Image it receives; so there is nothing of Profit in a great Portion, unless the Conditions, Temper, and Humour of the Wife be conformable to the Disposition and Inclination of the Husband, and that he sees the Virtues of his own Mind exactly represented in hers.

A virtuous Woman, when the Candle is taken away, and her Body not to be seen, her Chastity, her Modesty, and her peculiar Affection to her Husband, ought then to shine with the greatest Lustre.

Beauty in a virtuous Woman is like the Bellows, whose Breath is cold, yet makes others burn.

If you will be happy, never have above one Woman in your Bed, one Friend in your Bosom, and one Faith in your Heart.

A Father-in-Law loves his Daughter-in-Law, a Mother-in-Law her Son-in-Law; so both are reciprocal.

A cruel Stepmother hates her Husband's Children: and the more she loves her Husband, the more she hates them.

An unquiet Life between Man and Wife lessens both in the Esteem of their Neighbours.

What ridiculous Oeconomy is there between a rampant Wife and a couchant Husband!

If you be able to live of yourself, and out of Debt, and design to marry, have a care you make not too great a Jointure out of your Lands, especially if you have Children by a former Wife: If you do, it will be more fatal and calamitous to your Family than any Debt.

A Man who spends his Estate without marrying his Daughters, paying his Debts, or laying it out to Advantage, may be well enough approved by every one but his Wife and Children.

Herodotus tells us, that in cold Countries Beasts very seldom have Horns, but in hot they have very large ones. This might bear a pleasant Application.

'Tis not always Courage makes a Man fight, nor Chastity that keeps Women from being Whores.

Reputation is a greater Tie upon Women than Nature, or they would not commit Murder to prevent Infamy.

When a Woman has granted one Thing, she can afterwards deny nothing.

A Woman may appear the greater Fortune, but not a greater Beauty, for her Dress: And as Fools are never more provoking, than when they are endeavouring at Wit; so ugly Women are never more nauseous, than when they would be Beauties.

What they do in Heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly, that they neither marry, nor are given in Marriage.

Venus, a beautiful good-natur'd Lady, was the Goddess of Love; *Juno*, a terrible Shrew, the Goddess of Marriage: And they were always mortal Enemies.

Of the PASSIONS.

SO much Injustice and Self-Interest enter into the Composition of the Passions, that 'tis very dangerous to obey their Dictates: We ought to be on

our Guard against them, even when they seem most reasonable.

The weakest Judgments have the strongest Passions.

The Passions are the only Orators that always succeed. They are, as it were, Nature's Art of Eloquence, fraught with infallible Rules; and the plainest spoken Man, assisted by Passion, will persuade more than the most eloquent without it.

Absence lessens small Passions, and increases great ones; as the Wind extinguishes Tapers, and kindles Fires.

Passion often makes a Fool of a Man of Sense, and sometimes a Man of Sense of a Fool.

Our Passions are like Convulsion-Fits, which, though they make us stronger for the Time, leave us the weaker ever after.

He that overcomes his Passions conquers his greatest Enemies.

There is no ill Thing which a Man does in his Passion, but his Memory will be revenged for it afterwards.

While the Heart is still agitated by the Remains of a Passion, 'tis more susceptible of a new one than when entirely at Rest.

A good-natur'd Man has the whole World to be happy out of. Whatever Good befalls his Species, a well-deserving Person promoted, a modest Man advanced, an indigent one relieved, all this he looks upon as a remoter Blessing of Providence on himself; which then seems to make him amends for the Narrowness of his own Fortune, when it does the same Thing he would have done, had it been in his Power: For what a luxurious Man in Poverty would want for Delicacies, for Horses and Footmen, a good-natur'd Man wants for his Friend or the Poor.

Great Numbers are not of much Import in Armies where Courage is wanting; for, as *Virgil* says, it never troubles the Wolf how many the Sheep be.

None but the Resolute can be truly good-natur'd; such as commonly seem so are only weak, and are easily sour'd.

Dastardly Men are like sorry Horses, who have but just Spirit and Mettle enough to be mischievous.

We often hate we know not why, without examining either the good or bad Qualities of the Person; and this senseless Aversion of ours will sometimes fall upon Men of extraordinary Merit. 'Tis the Business of Reason to correct this blind Passion, which is a Reproach to it; for is there any thing more unjust, than to have an Aversion to those that are an Honour to Human Nature?

There is a Dignity in good Sense, which is offend and defaced by Anger.

To be angry is to revenge the Faults of others upon ourselves.

It is impossible that an ill-natur'd Man can have a publick Spirit; for how should he love ten thousand Men, who never loved one?

Men mean so very well to themselves, that they forget to mean well to any body else.

He that can be quite indifferent when he sees another Man injured, hath a lukewarm Hōnesty that a wise Man will not depend upon.

Cruelty is so contrary to Human Nature, that it is distinguished by that scandalous Name, *Inhumanity*.

There is a Kind of Shame in being happy at the Sight of certain Miseries.

He that hinders not a Mischief, when it is in his Power, is guilty of it.

The general Cry is against Ingratitude, but sure the Complaint is misplaced; it should be against Vanity: None but direct Villains are capable of wilful Ingratitude, but almost every body is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he hath received less than he deserves.

The ungrateful Person is a Monster which is all Throat and Belly, a Kind of Thoroughfare or Common

mon Sewer for the good Things of this World to pass into.

The Temper of Mind is no more in my Power, than the Health of Body; and we cannot ensure ourselves from being angry to-morrow, any more than from having a Fit of the Cholic.

Anger may have some Excuse for being blind, but Malice none; for Malice hath Time to look before it.

Malice may be sometimes out of breath, Envy never: A Man may make Peace with Hatred, but never with Envy.

Malice is a greater magnifying Glass than Kindness.

Malice is of a low Stature, but it hath very long Arms: It often reacheth into the next World; Death itself is not a Bar to it. If it did not sometimes cut itself with its own Edge, it would destroy the World.

The most tolerable Sort of Revenge is for those Wrongs which there is no Law to remedy: But then let a Man take heed that the Revenge be such that there is no Law to punish; else a Man's Enemy is still beforehand, and is two for one.

Not to do Evil is better than the sharpest Sorrow for having done it, and to do Good is better and more valuable than both.

He that envieth maketh another Man's Virtue his Vice, and another Man's Happiness his Torment; whereas he that rejoiceth at the Prosperity of another is Partaker of it.

It is impossible for a Man engaged in any wicked Way, to have a clear Understanding of it, and a quiet Mind in it together.

Praise is the Daughter of present Power.

A little Vanity may be allowed in a Man's Train, but it must not sit down at a Man's Table.

Without some Share of Vanity, Men's Talents would be buried like Ore in a Mine unwrought.

If Vanity don't overturn all the Virtues, it certainly makes them totter.

The

The strongest Passions allow us some Rest, but Vanity keeps us perpetually in Motion. *What a Dust do I raise!* says the Fly upon the Coach-Wheel: And, *What a Rate do I drive at!* says the same Fly upon the Horse's Buttock.

A Man should never glory in that which is common to a Beast; nor a wise Man in that which is common to a Fool; nor a good Man in that which is common to a wicked Man.

A seeming Modesty is a surer Evidence of Vanity, than a moderate Degree of Assurance. A Gnat that had planted himself upon the Horn of a Bull, very civilly begg'd the Bull's Pardon: *But rather than incommode you,* says he, *I'll remove.*

The same Pride which makes a Man mount himself haughtily over his Inferiors, forces him to crawl vilely before those who are above him.

If we were not proud ourselves, we should not so much complain of the Pride of others.

That Pride which leads to a good End cannot be a Vice, since it is the Beginning of a Virtue.

A moderate Degree of Pride has this Advantage, that it prepossesses several in our Favour, while the Bashful are too often thought to deserve nothing.

The greatest Ornament of an illustrious Life is Modesty and Humility, which go a great way in the Character even of the most exalted Princes.

Humility is no doubt a great Virtue, but it ceases to be so when it is afraid to scorn an ill thing.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended by nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a Man at Ease; whereas Boasting requires a perpetual Labour to appear what he is not. If we have Sense, Modesty best proves it to others; but if we have none, it best hides the Want of it: For as Blushing will sometimes make a Whore pass for a virtuous Woman, so Modesty may make a Fool seem a Man of Sense.

Hope is generally a wrong Guide, though it is very good Company by the Way: It brushes through
Hedge

Hedge and Ditch, till it comes to a great Leap, and there it is apt to fall and break its Bones.

Affection is still a Briber of the Judgment, and it is hard to admit a Reason against the Thing we love, or to confess the Force of an Argument against Interest.

The best need Afflictions for a Trial of their Virtue. How can we exercise the Grace of Contentment, if all Things succeed well? or that of Forgiveness, if we have no Enemies?

No Line holds the Anchor of Contentment so fast as a good Conscience; this Cable is so strong and compact, that when Force is offered to it, the straining rather strengthens, by uniting the Parts more close.

It is a common Observation, that no Man is content with his own Condition, though it be the best; nor dissatisfied with his own Wit, though it be the worst.

If he only is poor who desires much, and is always in Want, the Ambitious and the Covetous languish in extreme Poverty.

Ambition often puts Men upon doing the meanest Offices; so Climbing is perform'd in the same Posture with Creeping.

We pass often from Love to Ambition, but we seldom return from Ambition to Love.

To judge of Love by most of its Effects, one would think it more like Hatred than Kindness.

The Motives of the best Actions will not bear too strict an Enquiry. It is allowed that the Cause of most Actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the Love of ourselves; but the Self-Love of some Men inclines them to please others, and the Self-Love of others is wholly employ'd in pleasing themselves. This makes the great Distinction between Virtue and Vice. Religion is the best Motive of all Actions, yet Religion is allowed to be the highest Instance of Self-Love.

Of VIRTUES and VICES.

ESTEEM to Virtue is like a cherishing Air to Plants and Flowers, which maketh them blow and prosper; and for that Reason it may be allowed to be, in some Degree, the Cause as well as the Reward of it.

Virtue is but a poor Reward to itself, yet very rarely has any other.

A virtuous Habit of the Mind is so absolutely necessary to influence the whole Life, and beautify every particular Action; to over-balance or repel all the gilded Charms of Avarice, Pride, and Self-Interest; that a Man deservedly procures the lasting Epithets of *good* or *bad*, as he appears either sway'd by, or regardless of it.

We are so prejudiced in favour of ourselves, that we often take for Virtue what is but Vice in the Shape of Virtue.

The true Way to advance another's Virtue is to follow it; and the best Means to cry down another's Vice is to decline it.

A Man of Virtue is an Honour to his Country, a Glory to Humanity, a Satisfaction to himself, and a Benefactor to the whole World: He is rich without Oppression or Dishonesty, charitable without Ostentation, courteous without Deceit, and brave without Vice.

Virtuous Persons are by all good Men openly revered, and even silently by the Bad; so much do the Beams of Virtue dazzle even unwilling Eyes.

You must labour and climb the Hill, if you would arrive at Virtue, whose Seat is upon the Top of it: It is a great Encouragement to Well-doing, that when you are once in the Possession of Virtue it is your own for ever.

That calm and elegant Satisfaction, which the Vulgar call *Melancholy*, is the true and proper Delight of
Men

Men of Knowledge and Virtue. What we take for Diversion is but a mean Way of Entertainment, in Comparison of that which is found in considering and knowing ourselves.

Virtue is like precious Odours, fragrant by being crush'd; for Prosperity best discovers Vice, but Adversity best discovers Virtue.

When a Man has got such a great and exalted Soul, as that he can look upon Life and Death, Riches and Poverty, with Indifference; and closely adheres to Honesty, in whatever Shape she presents herself; then it is that Virtue appears with such a Brightness, as that all the World must admire her Beauties.

Goodness is generous and diffusive; 'tis Largeness of Mind, and Sweetness of Temper; modest and sincere, inoffensive and obliging. Where this Quality is predominant, there's a noble Forwardness for public Benefit; an Ardour to relieve the Wants, to remove the Oppressions, and better the Condition of all Mankind.

A Man of Merit is a Flower, which is not valued for its Colour only; we call it by its Name; 'tis cultivated for its odoriferous Scent and Beauty; 'tis one of the Graces of Nature, one of those Things which beautify the Creation: It has been admired by all Men in all Ages; our Fathers set a high Value on it, and we in Imitation of them have as great an Opinion of it; nor can the Disgust and Antipathy of any particular Persons injure its Reputation.

Virtue is never the less venerable for being out of Fashion.

If 'tis common to be touch'd with Things rare, how comes it that we are so little touch'd with Virtue?

He who thinks no Man above him but for his Virtue, none below him but for his Vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong Place.

There is a Mean in all Things; even Virtue itself has its stated Limits, which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be Virtue.

Inno-

Innocency is the greatest Felicity, and a good Conscience is a continual Feast: This is the Musick which makes a merry Heart; this makes the Prisoner sing, when the Jailor trembles.

To relieve the Oppressed is the most glorious Act a Man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the Business of God and Providence.

A Forwardness to oblige doubles the intrinsic Worth of the Obligation: In these Cases, whatever is done with Pleasure is always received so.

If the Giver appears unwilling to part with his Gift, or if it cleaves to his Fingers, it proves a more disgustful Thing than a civil Refusal.

Gifts are never so much esteemed for their own sake, as for shewing the benign Disposition of the Giver.

Charity and Liberality is a Paradox to the Covetous. The Doctrine that teaches Alms, and the Persons that need them, are by such equally sent packing. Tell a Miser of Bounty to a Friend, or Mercy to the Poor, and point him out his Duty with an Evidence as bright and piercing as the Light, yet he will not understand it, but shuts his Eyes as close as he does his Hands; he resolves not to be convinced.

Wherever I find a great deal of Gratitude in a poor Man, I take it for granted there would be as much Generosity if he were a rich Man.

There is no Excess in the World so commendable as an Excess of Gratitude.

No Object is more pleasing to the Eye, than the Sight of a Man whom you have obliged; nor any Musick so agreeable to the Ear, as the Voice of one that owns you for his Benefactor.

There is nothing worth being dishonest. Crimes, though secret, are never secure; Providence has set up Racks and Gibbets in the Consciences of Transgressors; they all carry *Cain's* Fears about them. He that deserves Punishment expects it, and is ever in Apprehension till detected; his very Sleep is painful, and Life a Terror.

'Tis

'Tis safer sleeping in a good Conscience than a whole Skin.

Nothing is truly infamous but what is wicked, and therefore Shame can never disturb an innocent and virtuous Mind.

There needs but one bad Inclination to make a Man vicious; but many good ones are necessary to make him virtuous.

Vicious Habits are so great a Stain to Human Nature, and so odious in themselves, that every Person actuated by right Reason would avoid them, though he was sure they would always be concealed both from God and Man, and had no future Punishment entail'd upon them.

'Tis difficult for a Man of Sense to be a Knave: A true and sharp Genius conducts to Order, Truth, and Virtue.

When one Knave betrayeth another, the one is not to be blamed, nor the other to be pitied. When they complain of one another as if they were honest Men, they ought to be laugh'd at as if they were Fools.

There is no such Thing as a venial Sin against Morality, no such Thing as a small Knavery: He that carries a small Crime easily, will carry it on till it grows a great one. But the little Knaves are the greater of the two, because they have less the Excuse of Temptation.

Every State and Condition of Life, attended with Virtue, is undisturbed, and perfectly delightful. ✱

Knavery is so humble, and Merit so proud, that the latter is thrown down because it cannot stoop.

A Knave leans sometimes so hard upon his own Impudence, that it breaks and lets him fall.

There is not so pleasant a Quarry, as a Knave taken in a Net of his own making.

Nothing can be more unjust or ungenerous, than to play upon the Belief of a harmless Person; to make him suffer for his good Opinion, and fare the worse for thinking me an honest Man. There cannot be a
greater

greater Treachery, than first to raise a Confidence, and then to deceive it.

The Use of Talking is almost lost in the World by the Habit of Lying.

A Man that renounceth Truth runs away from his Trial in the World.

A Lie is like a Vizard, that may cover the Face indeed, but can never become it; nor yet does it cover it so, but that it leaves it open for Shame to enter. It brands a Man with a lasting indelible Character of Ignominy and Reproach; and that indeed so foul and odious, that the usurping Hectors, who pretend to Honour without Religion, think the Charge of a Lie a Blot upon them not to be wash'd out, but by the Blood of him that gives it.

To lie to the Prejudice of others argues Malice and Villany; to lie in Excuse of ourselves, Guilt and Cowardice.

Half the Truth is often as arrant a Lie as can be made.

A Man that doth not tell all the Truth ought to be hang'd for a Clipper.

An Excuse is worse and more terrible than a Lie; for an Excuse is a Lie guarded.

By one single Lie a Man loses all his good Name; Deceit goes for false Coin, and the Deceiver for the Coiner, which is still worse.

One of God's Judgments against Swearers is, that the Number of their Oaths discredits the Truth they would enforce.

Perjury is not only a Wrong to particular Persons, but Treason against human Society; subverting at once the Foundations of publick Peace and Justice, and the private Security of every Man's Life and Fortune.

Treachery attended with Perjury is in reality more execrable even than Atheism. The Man, who binds himself with an Oath to that Faith which he intends to violate, declares he despises God, and that he fears his Fellow-Creatures; and what System can appear to

the Eye so absurd and monstrous, as this of being a Coward in regard to Men, yet hardy against their Creator?

Take heed of Drunkenness; it is like a Wound in the Sword-Hand; a Man is disabled in that which should defend him; he drops his Guard, and his Heart lies open to the next Pass.

The Sight of a Drunkard is a better Sermon against that Vice, than the best that ever was preach'd upon that Subject.

Whores participate so far of the Nature of Devils, that they are not only instrumental in the Sin, but many times in the Punishment.

There is much more true Pleasure in subduing our Lusts, than in fulfilling them. Earth affords no Joy equal to the Peace of a good Conscience. Excess is a pleasurable Evil, that smiles and seduces, enchants and destroys.

There are very few who know how to be idle and innocent: By doing nothing, we learn to do ill.

An idle Person is a kind of Monster in the Creation; all Nature is busy about him. How wretched is it to hear People complain that the Day hangs heavy upon them, that they do not know what to do with themselves! How monstrous are such Expressions among Creatures who can apply themselves to the Duties of Religion and Meditation, to the reading of useful Books; who may exercise themselves in the Pursuits of Knowledge and Virtue, and every Hour of their Lives make themselves wiser and better than they were before!

A Breach of Trust is as heinous an Aggravation of Theft, as pretended Friendship is of Murder.

'Tis as impossible for a dishonest Person to be a good Servant, as it is for a Madman or an Idiot to govern himself, or others, by the Laws of Common Sense.

Virtue in Retirement and Obscurity is like a Coal under the Ashes, wasting away itself, and profiting nobody.

The

The Humour of exploding many things under the Notion of Trifles, Fopperies, and only imaginary Goods, is a very false Proof either of Wisdom or Magnanimity, and a great Check to virtuous Actions. For Instance, with regard to Fame: There is in most People a Reluctance and Unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe even among the Vulgar, how fond they are to have an Inscription over their Grave. It requires but little Philosophy to discover and observe, that there is no intrinsic Value in all this; however, if it be founded in our Nature, as an Incitement to Virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Of EXTRAVAGANCE and AVARICE

SOME rich Men starve to-day, for fear of starving to-morrow, (as a Man leaps into the Sea to avoid being drown'd) and the Indigent often consume in an Hour, what they may feel the Want of for a Year: As if old People hoarded Money because they cannot want it, and young ones threw it away because it is necessary to their Subsistence.

If Covetousness resembles a Dropsy, Extravagance resembles Madness; and it would be as just to prescribe Laws for Extravagants, as Guardians to Idiots.

We daily see young Flaunters in gilt Chariots, dashing the Dirt upon wiser People; then presently afterwards walking the Streets, and receiving the Dirt of others.

The hoarding Miser torments himself; and the Spendthrift punishes the Innocent. The Hoarder heaps up for others; and the Prodigal scatters what others had heaped. The Hoarder thinks so much of the Time to come, as to forget the present; the Squanderer has his Thoughts so much taken up with the present, as to forget the future. The first lives as if

he was never to die, and the last as if he had but a Day to enjoy. Both are unprofitable Members of Society; the one occasioning a Stoppage in the Circulation, and the other an Hæmorrhage. The hoarding Miser is like a Fog that infests the Air; the Prodigal resembles an outrageous Storm, that overturns all in its Way. The Hoarder passes restless Nights, though he has nothing to fear; the Squanderer sleeps sound, and leaves Want of Repose to his Creditors. The hoarding Miser is a ridiculous Creature, and the Prodigal a noxious Animal.

When we are young, we keep for Old Age; when when we are old, we save for Death. A Prodigal makes a pompous Funeral, and devours the rest.

The Character of Covetousness is what a Man generally acquires more through some Niggardliness, or ill Grace, in little and inconsiderable Things, than in Expences of any Consequence. A very few Pounds a Year would ease a Man of the Scandal of Avarice.

Coveting what we need not takes from us the true Use and Fruition of what we already have.

Considering a Miser's Fears, his starting Sleeps; that whilst he has all the anxious and distracting Cares and Vexations that attend the Possession of an Estate, he is so bewitched as to undergo all the Inconveniences of Poverty; his Condition is so very wretched, that one of the greatest Curses a Man can wish him is, that he may live long.

He is rich enough that needs neither flatter nor borrow, and truly rich that is satisfied: Want lies in Desire.

Sordid Selfishness contracts and narrows our Benevolence, and causes us, like Serpents, to infold ourselves within ourselves, and to turn out our Stings to all the World besides.

History tells us of illustrious Villains, but there never was an illustrious Miser in Nature.

'Tis as disagreeable to a Prodigal to keep an Account of his Expences, as 'tis to a Sinner to examine his

his Conscience; the deeper they search, the worse they find themselves.

There cannot be a more ridiculous Folly than to spend high, in Confidence of Reversions and distant Expectations.

Examples make greater Impressions upon us than Precepts: The Sight of Sir *Edward B*— running after a Coach for Six-pence will sooner reclaim a Prodigal than a Sermon.

There are some People who are badly lodged, lie hard, wear wretched Cloaths, and eat the worst Meat; who deprive themselves of the Society of Men, and live in a continual Solitude; who are in Pain for the Time present, past, and to come; whose Lives are a perpetual Penance; who have cunningly found out the most troublesome Way to Perdition: I mean the Covetous.

Misers mistake Gold for their Good, whereas 'tis only a Means of attaining it.

Avarice is more opposite to Oeconomy than Liberality.

Extreme Avarice almost always makes Mistakes. There is no Passion that oftener misses its Aim; nor on which the Present has so much Influence, in Prejudice of the Future.

A covetous rich Man may be said to freeze before the Fire, to be a mere Dog in a Wheel, that toils to roast Meat for other Men's eating.

Of FRIENDSHIP.

CICERO used to say, that it was no less an Evil to be without a Friend, than to have the Heavens without a Sun. And *Socrates* thought Friendship the sweetest Possession, and that no Piece of Ground yielded more pleasant Fruit than a true Friend.

Only good and wise Men can be Friends; others are but Companions.

The Kindnesses of a Friend lie deep; and whether present or absent, as Occasion serves, he is solicitous about our Concerns.

A Friendship with a generous Stranger is commonly more steady than with the nearest Relation.

There is no Pre-eminence among true Friends; for whether they are equally accomplished or not, they are equally affected to one another.

Anger among Friends is *unnatural*, and therefore, when it happens, is more tormenting.

An estranged Friend is apt to overflow with Tenderness and Remorse, when a Person that was once esteemed by him undergoes any Misfortune.

The best Friendship is to prevent a Request, and never put a Man to the Confusion of Asking. To *ask* is a Word that lies heavily on the Tongue, and cannot well be uttered, but with a dejected Countenance. We should therefore strive to meet our Friend in his Wishes, if we cannot prevent him.

A Man may have a thousand intimate Acquaintance, and not a Friend among them all. If you have one Friend, think yourself happy.

An Enemy that disguises himself under the Veil of Friendship, is worse than he who declares open Hostility.

A Man may easily secure himself from open and professed Enemies; but from such as, under a Pretence of Amity, design him an Injury, there is no Sanctuary. Who would imagine, that a pleasing Countenance could harbour Villainy, or that a Smile could sit upon the Face of Mischief?

Whosoever would reclaim his Friend, and bring him to a perfect Understanding of himself, may privately admonish, but must never publicly reprehend him. An open Admonition is an open Disgrace.

Two Persons will not be Friends a long time, if they cannot forgive each other little Failings.

All Men have their Frailties; whoever looks for a Friend without Imperfections, will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our Faults, and we ought to love our Friend in like manner.

It is with sincere Affection, or Friendship, as with Ghosts and Apparitions; a Thing that every body talks of, and scarce any body hath seen.

Whoever moves you to part with a true and tried Friend, has certainly a Design to make way for a treacherous Enemy.

Some Cases are so nice, that a Man cannot appear in them himself, but must leave the soliciting wholly to his Friend. A Man cannot recommend himself without Vanity, nor ask many times without Uneasiness: But a kind Proxy will do Justice to his Merits, relieve his Modesty, and effect his Business without blushing.

There is requisite to Friendship more Goodness and Virtue, than Dexterity, Wit, or Height of Understanding; it being enough that Men have sufficient Prudence to be as good as they should be, in order to the compleating a virtuous Friendship.

A true Friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a Friend unchangeably.

We are not much troubled at the Misfortunes of our Friends, when they give us an Opportunity of signalizing our Affection for them.

Never make a Coward your Friend, or a Drunkard your Privy-Counsellor; for the one upon the Approach of the least Danger will desert you, and the other will discover all your Secrets: Both are dangerous to Human Society.

Never make a Friend on a sudden; for though the first Affection makes the deepest Impression, yet that Love is held most permanent which dives into the Soul by soft Degrees of mutual Society, and comes to be matured by Time.

Harmony

Harmony of Temper begets and preserves Friendship; but disagreeing Inclinations are like improper Notes in Musick, that serve only to spoil the Concert and offend the Ear.

If my Friend falls into any notorious Vice, yet I have a Regard for him; for though the Friend be gone, yet still the Man remains; and though he hath forfeited my Friendship, yet still I owe him my Charity.

Recommend the good Actions of your Friend, rather than publish his bad ones.

A Man hath not the Relief of being angry at the Blows of a mistaken Friend.

There must be a nice Diet observed to keep Friendship from falling sick; nay, there is more Skill necessary to keep a Friend, than there is to reclaim an Enemy.

Those who slight and disoblige their Friends shall infallibly come to know the Value of them, by having none when they shall most need them.

The common People look upon Friendship as an offensive and defensive Alliance, on all Occasions, good, bad, and indifferent.

If a Man, out of Love to his Friend, should fight a Duel for him, that is, should risk the losing of his Body and Soul for his Friend, this is certainly sinful; unless we presume it an heroical Virtue to be damn'd for a Friend.

When a Drunkard, a Robber, an Adulterer, &c. is accused, these vulgar Wretches think it their Duty to defend or bring off their Friends, and censure those who will not endeavour to blanch and conceal such Enormities. But if this be Friendship, the Patronizing of Thieves and Robbers is Virtue.

As Hatred has a stronger and quicker Effect than Friendship, one Enemy may do us more Hurt than ten Friends can do us Good. Therefore avoid chusing an angry Man for your Friend, as you would Blows, Dishonour, and Clamour; and chusing a Drunkard,

or

or a Whoremonger, as you would the Discovery of your Secrets.

Antisthenes wonder'd at those that in buying an earthen Dish were careful to sound it, lest it had a Crack, yet so careless in the Choice of Friends, as to take them flaw'd with Vice.

Do Good to thy Friend, for that will increase his Friendship; and do Good to thy Enemy, for that will lessen his Hatred.

The Wounds of an ancient Enmity leave their Scars behind them, which seldom are healed so well to the Sight, but they lie open to the Memory.

The Lukewarmness of a Friend is more nauseous than the Satire of an Enemy.

'Tis more dishonourable to distrust a Friend than to be deceived by him.

That Kind of Deceit which is cunningly laid, and smootily carried on, under a Disguise of Friendship, is of all others the most impious and detestable.

Though the general Friendships of the World ill deserve the Name of Friendships, yet a Man may make use of them on Occasion, as of a Traffick whose Returns are uncertain, and in which 'tis usual to be cheated.

The greatest Effort of Friendship is not the discovering our Faults to a Friend; 'tis the pointing out to him his own.

Of SECRECY.

A Man without Secrecy is an open Letter for every one to read.

An Habit of Secrecy is both politick and moral. Where there is Depth, Secrets are ever best conceal'd; for there must needs be a great deal of Room, and large Spaces, where all that is thrown in may be easily kept. Reservedness proceeds from the great Command

mand one has over one's self, and that is indeed a real Triumph. We pay Tribute to as many Persons as we discover ourselves to.

Never reveal thy Secrets to any, except it is as much their Interest to keep them, as it is yours they should be kept. Only trust thyself, and another shall not betray thee.

The Tongue is a wild Beast, very difficult to be chained again, when once let loose.

We seldom repent talking too little, but very often talking too much.

Silence is the Sanctuary of Prudence: A Resolution discover'd seldom meets with due Esteem. He that declares himself is obnoxious to Censure; and if he succeeds not, he is doubly wretched.

Look upon Secrets entrusted to you, as Pledges you cannot in Honour part with, except where the Interest of your Country is concerned.

He that hath entrusted his Secret to another, hath made himself his Slave.

When you let the Secret of your Friend go out of your Lips, believe that Friendship, Fidelity, Honour, Honesty, Wisdom and Justice, go out of your Soul at the same Time; and that the Difference between you and a Beast is, that the Brutality of the Beast consists in not being able to speak, and yours in not being able to hold your Tongue.

Be careful of the Secrets of the Family where you live, from whence hardly the most indifferent Circumstance must be divulged; for he that will drop any thing indiscreetly, may very justly be thought to retain nothing: And those who are upon the Watch for Information, will, from a very remote Hint, conjecture all the rest.

'Tis much safer to be ignorant of Secrets which are difficult and dangerous *to be kept*, than to know them.

All Trust is dangerous, if 'tis not entire; we ought on most Occasions to speak all, or conceal all. We shall presently tell him too much, from whom we think

think it convenient to hide the least Circumstance.

MERCHANTS *and* TRADESMEN.

A Tradesman's Principle is too often his Interest, and his Interest his Principle.

He that keeps his Accounts will keep his Family, but he that keeps no Account may be kept by the Parish.

A Knave may get more than an honest Man for a Day; but the honest Man will get most by the Year.

A diligent careful Master makes a good Servant, but he that is careless makes all his People Partners.

Settle your Differences yourselves, if you would make an End of them; but if you would have them endless, call in the Lawyers.

Every Man is honest till he is found out, and when that happens every body knew it.

A Tradesman's Catechism is contain'd in his Ledger, and his Alphabet is the Key to it.

The Parson tells you the three best Books are the Bible, the *Common-Prayer*, and the *Whole Duty of Man*; but the Tradesman refers you to his *Waste-Book*, *Journal*, and *Ledger*.

YOUTH *and* EDUCATION.

WHERE a Child finds his Parents his Perverters, says Dr. South in one of his Sermons, he cannot so properly be said to be *born*, as to be *damn'd* into the World; and better were it by far to be *un-born* and *unbegotten*, than to come to ask a Blessing of those

those whose Conversation breathes nothing but Contagion and a Curse. So impossible, and so much a Paradox is it, for any Parent to impart to his Child his Blessing and his Vice too.

Youth is a continual Drunkenness; 'tis the Fever of Reason.

It is a real Hardship for a young Man to be trusted with himself and his Estate, before those Years that give Maturity to his Reason and Judgment.

Learning is like Mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent Things in the World in skilful Hands, but in unskilful the most mischievous.

What Sculpture is to a Block of Marble, Education is to a human Soul. The Philosopher, the Saint, and the Hero, the wise, the good, or the great Man, very often lie hid in a Plebeian, which a proper Education might have disinterred, and have brought to Light.

That Man must have a strange Value for Words, when he can think it worth while to hazard the Innocence and Virtue of his Son for a little *Greek* and *Latin*; whilst he should be laying the solid Foundations of Knowledge in his Mind, and furnishing it with just Rules to direct his future Progress in Life.

To be prudent, honest, and good, are infinitely higher Accomplishments than the being nice, florid, learned, or all that which the World calls great Scholars and fine Gentlemen.

Of CONVERSATION.

Resolve to speak and act well in Company, in spite of those that do ill; whose Vice, set against thy Virtue, will render it more conspicuous and excellent.

It is a sure Method of obliging in Conversation, to shew a Pleasure in giving Attention.

The

The Wit of Conversation consists more in finding it in others, than shewing a great deal yourself.

There are braying *Men* in the World, as well as braying *Asses*; for what's loud and senseless Talking, Huffing, and Swearing, any other than a more fashionable Way of *Braying*?

Conversation is generally confined to indifferent, low, or perhaps vicious Subjects; and all that is serious or good is almost banished the World. Some are so black in the Mouth, as to utter nothing that is decent; supplying Want of Wit with Want of Modesty, and Want of Reputation with Want of Shame.

It is good not to conceive such a high Notion of People, as to become bashful in their Presence.

A Jest, told in a grave Manner, has the better Effect; but you extinguish the Appetite of Laughter in others, if you prevent them by your own.

Good-Nature (says a polite Author) is more agreeable in Conversation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance, which is more amiable than Beauty.

'Tis ungenerous to give a Man Occasion to blush at his own Ignorance in any one Thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

Discretion of Speech is more than Eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we converse, is more than to speak in exact Order.

Common Swearing in a Man shews a perpetual Distrust of his own Reputation, and is an Acknowledgment that he thinks his bare Word not to be worthy of Credit.

Men are pleased with a *Jester*, but never esteem him. A *merry Fellow* is the *saddest Fellow* in the World.

He that hath a satirical Vein, as he maketh others afraid of his Wit, so he had need be afraid of others Memory.

The Talent of turning Men into Ridicule, and exposing those we converse with, is the Qualification of

little ungenerous Tempers. The greatest Blemishes are often found in the most shining Characters: But what an absurd Thing is it, to pass over all the valuable Parts of a Man, and fix our Attention on his Infirmities; to observe his Imperfections more than his Virtues!

In Company have due Regard to Ages, Sexes, Characters, Professions, Times and Places: Let nothing escape you that may offend any of the Senses.

Hold yourself in Restraint, without putting any Restraint upon others; and if any make a Step to oblige you, make two to acknowledge it.

Lolling, Drumming with the Fingers, Whistling, Laying up the Legs, Yawning, Sleeping, or any thing that implies Weariness or Disrespect, is carefully to be avoided in all Companies.

The reciprocal *Respect* that is due from Man to Man ought always to appear in Company, and curb all the Irregularities of our Fancies and Humours, that hinder those we converse with from being pleased both with us and themselves.

Let a Man be never so perfect, he sometimes stands in Need of Counsel: He that will take none is an incorrigible Fool. The most intelligent Person ought to make Room for good Advice.

If Judgment be necessary in Writing a Letter, which is premeditated Conversation by Paper, far more is it required in ordinary Conversation, which brings the Merit of People under a sudden Test.

Take heed not to be vain in censuring of Words, lest that make thee to be taken for a Pedant. To speak to the Purpose is more necessary, than to speak eloquently.

It is flattering some Men to endure them: Present Punishment attendeth the Fault.

A *following* Wit will be welcome in most Companies; a *leading* one lieth too heavy for Envy to bear. Out-doing is so near reproaching, that it will generally be thought very ill in Company: As any thing
that

that shineth doth in some measure tarnish every thing that standeth next to it.

Endeavour to make Peace among thy Neighbours; it is a worthy and reputable Action, and will bring greater and juster Commendations to thee, and more Benefit to those with whom thou conversest, than Wit or Learning, or any of those so much admired Accomplishments.

All Societies of bad Men are Gangs of Conspirators.

Ill Company is like a Dog, who dirties those most whom he loves best.

A Resolution never to deceive exposes a Man to be often deceived.

Good Sense should be the Test of all Rules, both ancient and modern; whatever is incompatible therewith is false.

It is in Disputes as in Armies, where the weaker Side sets up false Lights, and makes a great Noise, to make the Enemy believe they are more numerous and strong than they really are.

The BUFFOON.

Buffoonry and Scurrility are the Corruption of Wit, as Knavery is of Wisdom.

Buffoons are a Sort of Insects which breed in all Countries; we can scarce step for fear of treading on them.

Be not ingenious at the Cost of another Man; which is more odious in you, than prejudicial to him.

There are abundance of obscene, a great many more railing and satirical Wits, but very few delicate. A Man must have Manners and Politeness to trifle with a good Grace, and a copious Fancy to play handsomely

somely on little Things, to create Matter of Raillery, and make something out of nothing.

Seeing there is no Protection against the Sting of a malevolent Wit and licentious Tongue, if at any time you chance to be touch'd to the quick, turn wittily into a Jest what was rudely said in earnest.

'Tis easier to ridicule than commend; a very little Understanding serves for the first, but a Man must have a good deal of Judgment to do the latter properly.

Drolls and Buffoons, whilst they think to make Sport for others, commonly become Laughing-stocks themselves, to all but those who pity them.

That which stirs up our Laughter most commonly excites our Contempt: To please, and to make merriness, are two very different Talents.

There are Tyrants in Conversation, as well as on the Throne, who are not Men of half the Merit of those they insult.

To laugh at deformed Persons is inhuman, if not impious.

Old Age is too venerable for Raillery, and should be revered.

He who makes a Jest of the Frailties of Nature, upbraids the God of Nature.

The Unfortunate are fit Subjects of Compassion, not of Raillery.

Those who injure the Reputation or Fortune of another, for the sake of a Jest, deserve an infamous Punishment.

'Tis monstrous to consider how easy and pleased we are, when we rally, play upon, and despise others; and how angry and cholerick when we are ourselves rallied, play'd upon, and despised.

There is nothing more disagreeable than continual Jestings: By endeavouring to purchase the Reputation of being pleasant, one loses the Advantage of being thought wise. Some Minutes are to be allowed to Mirth, and the rest to Seriousness.

There

There is somewhat that borders upon Madneſs in every exalted Wit.

He that affects always ſhewing his Wit, ſeldom fails of letting the World know he has little or none.

The CRITIC.

BY a Critic was generally underſtood a good Judge; but now, with us, it ſignifies no more than an unmerciful Fault-finder, two Steps above a Fool, and a great many below a wiſe Man.

Finding Faults is the moſt eaſy and vulgar Part of a Critic; whereas nothing ſhews ſo much Skill and Taſte, as the being thoroughly ſenſible of the ſublimeſt Excellencies.

The Laws of Civility generally oblige us to commend, what in Reaſon we cannot blame. Men ſhould allow others Excellencies, were it but to preſerve a moſt Opinion of their own.

A little Wit, and a great deal of Ill-nature, will furniſh a Man for Satire; but the greateſt Inſtance of Wit is to commend well.

Some will read over a Book with a View to find Fault: Like venomous *Spiders*, extracting a poiſonous Quality, where the induſtrious *Bees* ſip out a ſweet and profitable Juice.

Censure always with Modeſty and Caution, leſt you forwardly condemn what you have not Skill to underſtand.

By the Rules of Juſtice, no Man ought to be ridiculed for any Imperfection, who does not ſet up for eminent Sufficiency in that Way wherein he is defective.

If we had no Faults ourſelves, we ſhould not take ſuch Pleaſure in obſerving thoſe of others.

He that can probe himself to cure his own Faults, will seldom need either the Surgery of his Friends or of his Enemies.

An ill Critic, said the Duke of *Buckingham*, is of all Sorts of Writers the most contemptible. They are no better than little Dogs that bark at a Traveller; if he be such a Fool as to stop his Journey, or so much as flash his Whip at them, he will draw on more Noise, and the Boys of the Town to boot; but if he rides on his Way, the poor Curs sneak away home, and are no more taken notice of.

'Tis a Sign of the last Necessity in an Author when he is forced to steal from himself; 'tis worse than robbing the Spital.

Of FLATTERY.

Flattery is compounded of the most fordid, hateful Qualities incident to Mankind, *viz.* Lying, Servility, and Treachery.

Flattery is a Sort of bad Money, to which our Vanity gives Currency.

He that reviles me, it may be, calls me Fool; but he that flatters me, if I take not good Heed, will make me so.

If we did not flatter ourselves, the Flattery of others could do us little Harm.

'Tis rude to refuse indifferently all Sorts of Praises: We ought to be sensible of those which come from good Men, who praise sincerely what is really commendable.

Few are so wise as to prefer useful Reproof to treacherous Praise.

The FOP.

WE are never made so ridiculous by the Qualities we *have*, as by those we *affect* to have.

There are a thousand Fops made by Art, for one Fool by Nature.

It is to Affectation the World owes its whole Race of Coxcombs; Nature, in her whole Drama, never drew such a Part; she has sometimes made a Fool, but a Coxcomb is always of a Man's own making.

A Beau dress'd out is as the Cinnamon-Tree, the Bark is more worth than the Body.

Though a Coat be never so fine that a Fool wears, 'tis still but a Fool's Coat.

Some Fops measure their Deserts by the Bulk of their Estates: Others assert a Claim to Brains, for their Accuracy in Modes and Fashions; though at the same Time their Manners are corrupted, and Minds infected.

There is no such Fop as my young Master, who is a Fool of his Lady Mother's making: She blows him up into a Conceit of himself, and there he stops, without ever advancing one Step farther: She makes a Man of him at sixteen, and a Boy all the Days of his Life after.

How great is the Madness of some particular Men, who, by being possess'd of great Estates, which their Fathers got for them by Trade and Industry, form themselves after the Manner of Princes, have their Wardrobe, their Equipage, and by excessive Expences and ridiculous Stateliness provoke the Laughter of the whole Town, which they a while fancy is dazzled with their Lustre, till they ruin themselves in the End with striving to make themselves ridiculous.

Let your Apparel be fitted as nicely to your Estate, Years, and Profession, as to your Person.

If we cast an Eye into the gay World, what see we for the most part, but a Set of querulous, emaciated,

ciated, fluttering, and fantastical Beings, worn out in the keen Pursuit of Pleasure ; Creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own Infelicity ; the decaying Monuments of Error, the thin Remains of what is call'd Delight ?

Of GAMING.

HOW strangely infatuated are those, who, simply committing their Fortunes to mere Chance, throw away their Estates, and entail Want upon their Issue !

'Tis a Pity such Madmen are not restrained from ruining their poor innocent Wives, Children, Relations, Creditors, Dependents, &c. by a Law, That if any Commoner lose above a hundred Pounds at a Sitting, he shall be deemed a Lunatick, and have a Commission of Lunacy granted against him to his next of Kin.

Gaming, like a Quick-sand, swallows up a Man in a Moment. Our Follies and Vices help one another, and blind the Bubble, at the same Time that they make the Sharper quick-sighted.

A good Man will love himself too well to lose, and his Neighbour too well to win, an Estate by Gaming.

Of QUARRELS.

IF you be affronted, it is better to pass it by in Silence, or with a Jest, though with some Dishonour, than to endeavour Revenge. If you can keep Reason above Passion, that and Watchfulness will be your best Defendants.

Disputes

Disputes commonly begin in Mistakes, are carried on with Heat and Fury, and end in Reproach and uncharitable Names, and frequently in Blood.

None more impatiently suffer Injuries, than those that are most forward in doing them.

He that blows the Coals in Quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no Right to complain if the Sparks fly in his Face.

To carry inflaming Tales between Persons at Variance, is as dangerous an Office as holding a Wolf by the Ears.

What Men want of *Reason* for their Opinions, they usually supply and make up in *Rage*.

A Weather-cock, that is the Sport of every Wind, has more Repose than a cholerick Man; sometimes exposed to the Scorn, sometimes to the Resentments, and always to the Abhorrence of all who know him.

By taking Revenge, a Man is but even with his Enemy; but in passing it over he is superior. *To err is Human, to forgive Divine.*

True Honour will pay treble Damages, rather than justify one Wrong by another. To wrong another, is not the Way to right thyself: Hurts are not healed with Hurts, nor Wounds with Wounds.

Make yourself agreeable, as much as possible, to All; for there is no Person so contemptible, but that it may be in his Power to be your best Friend, or worst Enemy.

Many take a Pride to insult over the Timorous; and mean and low Submissions do but swell them up to a more extravagant and remorseless Barbarity.

Of DETRACTION.

SLanderers are like Flies; they leap over all a Man's good Parts, to light upon his Sores.

The worthiest People are most injured by Slanderers; as we usually find that to be the best Fruit, which the Birds have been pecking at.

To be slander'd ranks us with Men of the greatest Merit, who could never escape the Calumnies of the Envious.

It is harder to avoid Censure, than to gain Applause; for this may be done by one great or wise Action in an Age; but to escape Censure, a Man must pass his whole Life without saying or doing one foolish Thing.

We are no more to hear Calumnies than to report them. It is a Sign of a bad Reputation, to take Pleasure in blasting the Credit of our Neighbours. He who sells his Neighbour's *Credit* at a low Rate, makes the Market for another to buy his at the same Price.

As a great Body is not without a like Shadow, neither can eminent Virtue escape without much Detraction.

We often use envenom'd Praise, which by a Side-Blow exposes in the Person we commend, such Faults as we durst not any other Way lay open.

Superiority in Virtue is the most unpardonable Provocation that can be given to a base Mind: Innocence is too amiable to be beheld without Hatred; and it is a Secret Acknowledgment of Merit, which the Wicked are betray'd into, when they pursue good Men with Violence. This Behaviour visibly proceeds from a Consciousness in them, that other People's Virtue upbraids their own Want of it.

Men's Words are Bullets, that their Enemies take up and make use of against them.

There

There can hardly be a feverer Thing said to a Man in this Age, than that he is like the rest of the World.

Slander would not stick, if it had not always something to lay hold of.

A Man who can allow himself the Liberty to slander, hath the World too much at his Mercy.

We tell others their Faults more out of Pride than a Desire they should mend, and call them to Account out of Ostentation, as if we ourselves were innocent.

Two Women seldom grow intimate, but at the Expence of a third Person; they make Friendships as Kings of old made Leagues, who sacrificed some poor Animal betwixt them, and commenced strict Allies: So the Ladies, after they have pull'd some Character to pieces, are inviolable Friends.

What Mischief is it the Craft and Subtilty of a double Tongue cannot work upon a credulous Fool! Tale-Bearers ought to be hung up by the Tongue, Tale-Hearers by the Ears.

He whose guilty Conscience reflects dismal Images of himself, is willing to put the like ugly Shape upon others, and to conclude all Men the same, were they closely inspected: And when he can see but the least Glimmering of a Fault, takes it as a Proof of his Hypothesis, and with an envious Joy calls in as many Spectators as he can.

Mankind being apter to believe Evil than Good, even doubtful Accusations leave a Stain behind them, and often prove indelible Injuries to the Party accused.

Believe nothing against another, but upon good Authority; neither report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater Hurt to conceal it.

Hear not Ill of an Enemy: Believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe.

Where Jealousy holds the Scale, a Drop of Detraction will turn the Balance.

All Men revenge themselves on an Evil-speaker, by speaking Evil of him: And since he is alone, he
will

will be sooner overcome than those he flanders, who are numerous. Calumny ought never to be the Subject of Satisfaction, nor the Comment of it. A Detractor is eternally hated; and if sometimes great Men converse with him, it is more for Pleasure to hear his Satires, than for any Esteem they have for him.

Those who are incapable of great Crimes do not readily suspect others of them.

Of OLD AGE,

EVERY Man desires to live long, but no Man would be old.

Old Age gives *good Advice*, being no longer able to give *bad Example*.

Old Age is a Tyrant, which forbids the Pleasures of Youth on Pain of Death.

The Defects of the Mind, like those of the Face, grow worse as we grow old.

The Vices of Old Age have in them the Stiffness of it too: And as it is the unfittest Time to *learn*, so the Unfitness of it to *unlearn* will be found much greater.

An old Wrestler loves to look on and be near the Lists, though Feebleness will not let him offer at the Prize. An old Huntsman finds a Musick in the Noise of Hounds, though he cannot follow the Chase. An old Drunkard loves a Tavern, though he cannot go to it, but as he is supported and led by another, just as some are observed to come from thence. And an old Wanton will be doating upon Women, when he can scarce see them without Spectacles.

The Devil can neither drink, nor whore, nor play the Epicure, though he enjoy the Pleasures of all these at second hand, and by malicious Approbation.

There is as much Difference between the Pleasure a Man takes in his own Sins, and that which he takes
in

in other Men's, as there is between the Wickedness of a Man, and the Wickedness of a Devil.

An insufficient old Man marrying a young Wife, is like the Vanity of taking a fine House, and yet to be forced to lett Lodgings to help to pay the Rent.

Old Men have in some Degree their Reprisals upon younger, by making nicer Observations upon them, by Virtue of their Experience.

An old Man concludeth from his knowing Mankind, that they know him too, and that maketh him very wary.

An inquisitive and virtuous Soul improves daily in Knowledge; and though the Body decays, and all bodily Pleasures with it, Wisdom and Counsel, Piety and Devotion, is the Crown and Glory of Age.

It is insolent, as well as unnatural, to trample upon the venerable Decays of Human Nature: He that acts in this Manner does but expose his own future Condition, and laugh at himself beforehand.

The Clouds of Dotage, in the Evening of Man's Life, no less obscures his Prudence, than the Mists of Ignorance that usually attend the first Dawnings of Reason in Infancy.

Few People remember that they have been young, and how hard it was then to live chaste and temperate. The first Thing Men do when they have renounced Pleasure, either out of Decency, Surfeit, or Conviction, is to condemn it in others.

A wise old Man, who has a faithful Memory, is an inestimable Treasure: We may receive from him the History of the Age, adorned with many curious Circumstances, which we could never meet with in all our Reading; from him we may learn such Rules and Maxims for the Regulation of our Conduct as may be depended upon, since they are founded on Experience.

Of DEATH.

IN speaking of the *Dead*, fold up your Discourse so handsomely, as their Virtues may be shewn outwards, and their Vices wrapt up in Silence.

Men take more Pains for this World, than Heaven would cost them; and, when they have what they aim at, don't live to enjoy it. The Grave lies unseen between us and the Object we reach after: Where one lives to enjoy whatever he has in View, ten thousand are cut off in the Pursuit of it.

A Man in Health questions whether there is a God, as he does whether Fornication be a Sin. If he is sick and given over, his Miss is laid aside, and the Dread of his Maker leaves no Room for his Doubts.

'Tis an excellent Proof of Wisdom, frequently to meditate of the Eternity of our worthiest Part, and to consider, that this Compact of the Elements must soon suffer a Dissolution. Beauty is a Flower which soon withers, Health changes, and Strength abates; but Innocency is immortal, and a Comfort both in Life and Death.

There are a great many Miseries, which nothing but Death can give Relief to. This puts an End to the Sorrows of the Afflicted and Oppressed; it sets the Prisoners at Liberty; it dries up the Tears of the Widows and Fatherless; it eases the Complaints of the Hungry and Naked; it tames the proudest Tyrants, and puts an End to all our Labours: And the Contemplation on it supports Men in their present Adversities, especially when they have a Prospect of a better Life than this.

The Reflection upon a holy and virtuous Life, and the Consciousness of a Man's Uprightness and Sincerity, are a Spring of Joy and Peace to him, which refresheth his Mind with unspeakable Comfort and Pleasure, under all the Evils and Calamities of Life, and especially at the Hour of Death.

Life

Life is a Kind of Sleep: Old Men sleep longest; they never begin to wake, but when they are to die. If then they run over the whole Course of their Lives Year by Year, they find frequently neither Virtues nor commendable Actions enough to distinguish them one from another. They confound their different Ages; they see nothing sufficiently remarkable to measure the Time they have lived by. They have had confused Dreams, without any Form or Coherence. However, they fancy, like those who awake, that they have slept a long while.

When a Man is taken sick, his Senses are busied about his Disease, or distracted between Physician, Lawyer, and Minister, so that his Friends are unwelcome, Strangers troublesome, Visits offend, his own Servants cannot please, others Discourses tire him; to speak spends, to be silent grieves him; not to be told how he does vexes him, to be told how ill he is discomforts him; to see his Wife and Children weeping and lamenting, bitterly afflicts him. Thus distressed and distracted with Sickness, Pain, and Grief, and still, as Death approaches, the Worm of Conscience gnawing, and Evil Spirits moving to Despair, how miserably disabled and unfit will the Heart of a Sinner be, to lift up itself to God by a sincere Repentance! When surrounded by these *deplorable Horrors*, how wretched is that Man, who cannot look backward but with *Shame*, nor forward but with *Terror*! What Comfort will his Riches afford him in his Extremity; or what will his sensual Pleasures, his vain and empty Titles, Robes, Dignities, and Crowns, avail him in this Day of his Distress!

The Time is near, when the Great and the Rich must leave his Land, and his well-built House; and of all the Trees of his Orchards and Woods, nothing shall attend him to his Grave, but Oak for his Coffin, and Cypress for his Funeral.

How deplorable is the Blindness of human Pride! which must have their dead Bodies laid in State, pompous Funerals, superb Monuments; which fills Men in

a manner with their own Emptiness; which turns the saddest Warnings God gives them, in order to humble them, into the most dangerous Illusions; which endeavours to fix upon Marble or Brass a transitory Grandeur, that passes away with so much Rapidity; which endeavours to secure to itself a Portion of a worldly Life, in the very Empire of Death itself!

When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, says Mr. *Addison*, every Emotion of Envy dies in me; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate Desire goes out; when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tomb-stone, my Heart melts with Compassion; when I see the Tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the Vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see Kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival Wits placed Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Contests and Disputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Astonishment on the little Competitions, Factions, and Debates of Mankind; when I read the several Dates of the Tombs, of some that died as yesterday, and some six hundred Years ago, I consider that Great Day when we shall all of us be Contemporaries, and make our Appearance together.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VERY few Men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

Custom is the Plague of wise Men, and the Idol of Fools.

Use makes every Posture familiar to the Body, and every Opinion to the Mind.

If a Man will observe as he walks the Streets, I believe he will find the merriest Countenances in Mourning Coaches.

Gravity

Gravity is a mysterious Carriage of the Body, invented to cover the Defects of the Mind.

A good Grace is to the Body, what good Sense is to the Mind.

If a Man walks lame, he is pitied; if he dances lame, he is laugh'd at: The one is unavoidable, the other is not.

The Desire of *appearing* Persons of Ability often prevents our *being* so.

Our Humour has more Faults than our Understanding.

He who is pleased with Nobody is much more unhappy than he with whom Nobody is pleased.

Familiarity, it is true, breeds Contempt; but Love is not to be gain'd without some Degree of it.

There are no Accidents so *unlucky*, but the *Prudent* may draw some *Advantage* from them: Nor are there any so *lucky*, but the *Imprudent* may turn them to their *Prejudice*.

The Power of Fortune is confessed only by the Miserable, for the Happy impute all their Success to Prudence or Merit.

Our Heart is never to be trusted in our own Concerns, for it is always a prejudiced Party: The Advice of another is ever more disinterested; and the only Requisites in another Person are, that he is honest and prudent.

Nothing is less sincere than the Manner of asking and giving Advice. He who asks it seems to have a respectful Deference for the Opinion of his Friend; though he only aims at making him approve his own, and be responsible for his Conduct. And he who gives it repays the Confidence reposed in him by a seemingly disinterested Zeal; though he seldom means any thing by the Advice he gives, but his own Interest or Reputation.

The Stoical Scheme, of supplying our Wants by lopping off our Desires, is like cutting off our Feet when we want Shoes.

- Dishonest Men conceal their Faults from themselves and others; honest Men know them well, and confess them.

To pardon those Absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be Fools ourselves, than to have others so.

No Fools are so troublesome as those who have some Wit.

Silence may hide Folly, as a Vizard does an ill Face, but then it is but for a Time.

The Happiness and Misery of some Men depend no less on their Temper than Fortune.

The Good we have received from a Man should make us bear with the Ill he does us.

We always love those who *admire us*, but we don't always love those whom *we admire*.

The Modesty that seems to decline Praise, only desires to be praised more delicately.

Our bad Actions don't expose us to so much Persecution and Hatred, as our good Qualities.

Happiness is in the Taste, not in the Thing; and we are made happy by possessing what we love, not what others think lovely.

Where Diligence opens the Door of the Understanding, and Impartiality keeps it, Truth is sure to find both an Entrance and a Welcome.

A Man ought to be deaf to all Insinuations of Liberality, till he has satisfied the Clamours of Right and Justice.

The Pleasure of Eating lies not in what you eat, but in yourself: Therefore Exercise makes Delicacies.

He who desires to live, merely for living's sake, has not a worthy Notion of his Being: He only puts a right Value upon Life, who desires it that he may do Good.

'Tis no great Misfortune to oblige ungrateful People; but 'tis an insupportable one to be forced to be under an Obligation to a Scoundrel.

The

The artful doing of an indifferent Thing sometimes gains a Person as much Reputation as true Merit.

While Laziness, Timidity, and Shame, keep us within the Bounds of our Duty, our Virtue often runs away with the Honour.

'Tis a Mistake to imagine that only the violent Passions, such as Ambition and Love, can triumph over the rest. Laziness, languid as it is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our Designs and Actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both the Passions and the Virtues.

Every Virtue gives a Man a Degree of Felicity in some Kind: Honesty gives him a good Report; Justice, Estimation; Prudence, Respect; Courtesy and Munificence, universal Affection. Temperance confers on him Health of Body, and Fortitude such a steady and quiet Mind, as not to be moved, whatever happens.

Fear may keep a Man out of Danger, but Courage only can support him in it.

Magnanimity is sufficiently defined by its Name; yet we may say of it, that 'tis the Good Sense of Pride, and the noblest Way of acquiring Applause.

Some Men have been thought brave, because in the Heat of the Battle they were afraid to run away.

We should not judge of a Man's Merit by his great Qualities, but by the Use he makes of them.

Raillery is more insupportable than Wrong; because we have a Right to resent Injuries, but 'tis ridiculous to be angry at a Jest.

He that laughs at Mischief tells us he is pleased that it is done, though he is sorry he had no Hand in it.

He that sins that he may repent, forfeits that he may take Physick.

A young Fellow that falls in Love with a Whore, may be said to fall asleep in a Hogstye.

Over-earnest Asseverations give a Suspicion that the Speaker is conscious of his own Falsties.

The

The Invention of Parchment is a Scandal to Humanity. What a Shame is it that Men cannot keep their Words without being forced to it!

To undertake what is not in our Power to perform, is to mortgage an entail'd Estate, which is downright Knavery.

There is but one real Misfortune which can befall a Man, and that is to have any thing to reproach himself with.

He that is in the wrong oftentimes deserves our Pity; but he that is unwilling to be in the right should have nothing but our Contempt.

All the Sense in the World is useless to him that has none; he has no Sight, and cannot be profited by another Man's.

To feel the Want of Reason is next to having it; a Fool is not capable of this Knowledge. The best Thing we can have, after wanting Sense, is to apprehend that we need it; without Sense a Man might then know how to behave himself so as not to be an Impertinent, a Fop, or a Coxcomb.

To know when to let Things alone is a high Pitch of good Sense; but a Fool hath an Eagerness, like a Monkey in a Glass-Shop, to break every thing in the handling.

The only Way to be revenged on a Person who talks too much is not to give him the Hearing.

Interest speaks all Languages, and acts all Parts, even that of the *disinterested* Person.

Interest, which blinds some People, enlightens others.

The shortest and best Way to make your Fortune is to convince People 'tis their Interest to serve you.

An ordinary Wit, that applies itself, goes farther than a sublime one without Application.

Reputation is got by indefatigable Labour. Virtue and Application are the only Arbiters of a Man's Fate; for as Imprudence is the Source of all the Crosses of Life, so Prudence is the Cause of all its Happiness.

Take

Take care to know well the Persons you have to deal with; examine their Nature, their Temper, their Manner, their Inclination, their Virtues and their Vices; but above all Things, that inexpressible Something, which actuates and guides them in all their Actions, and which we call their Humour.

Some Men are so over-cautious, that they will hazard nothing; but a true Sportsman will hook a Gudgeon to catch a Jack.

He who solicits for others has the Confidence of one that demands Justice; and he who speaks for himself, the Confusion and Bashfulness of him that implores Mercy.

A Man throws himself down whilst he complaineth; and when a Man throws himself down, nobody cares to take him up again.

Nothing hath an uglier Look to us than Reason, when it is not on our Side. We quarrel so often with it, that it maketh us afraid to come near it. A Man that doth not use his Reason is a tame Beast, a Man that abuses it a wild one.

If a Man would register all his Opinions upon Love, Politicks, Religion, Learning, &c. beginning from his Youth, and so go on to Old Age, what a Bundle of Inconsistencies and Contradictions would appear at last!

'Tis a strange Desire which Men have to seek Power and lose Liberty.

A Man of Sense and some Fortune thinks he pays dear enough for an Employment if he parts with his Liberty, by giving his honest and diligent Attendance; therefore such seldom get into any.

People will despise their own Virtues, and censure their own Vices, in others. Nobody laughs at the Folly of another so much as a Fool; no Man believes another so little as a Liar; no People censure the Talkative more than great Talkers: Misers daily condemn Covetousness, and Squanderers rail at Extravagance. If one young Lady calls the Chastity of another in Question, she gives Suspicion of herself.

Silenus,

Silenus, the Foster-Father of *Bacchus*, is always carried by an Ass, and has Horns on his Head. The Moral is, That Drunkards are led by Fools, and have a great Chance to be Cuckolds.

Men of superior Sense and Candour exercise a ready and flowing Indulgence towards those who intreat their Favour, and are never more pleased than when they have an Opportunity to make their Talents more serviceable to Mankind.

He that procures the Benefit will sometimes be thought the Benefactor.

Continual Apologies for every thing at Table are a thousand times more troublesome than the Faults they would excuse.

A nice Man is a Man of nasty Ideas.

Being complimentary and cringing on all Occasions passes with many for Good Breeding, whereas 'tis just the contrary; for Good Breeding is judging well when to be formal, and when to be familiar.

If a Man makes me keep my Distance, the Comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

They are thought to have read much, who speak of it often; which is only a Sign of not digesting what they read: Just as a Man's bringing up his Supper is a Proof of eating, but a very disagreeable one.

A long Preface to a short Book is like a large Porch to a little House.

I must beg Leave to end these Maxims of mine with one which is inserted in the third Number of my *Magazine*, and which I borrowed from the wise Son of *Sirach*.

Blessed is the Man who hath a virtuous Wife, for the Number of his Days shall be double. ECCLESIASTICUS.

F I N I S.

M A X I M S

Omitted in their proper Place, under the Head
Of the P R I N C E.

'Tis much more honourable to govern than conquer; as a wise Head is better than a strong Arm.

The Diadem is not so soft lined, but that it fits heavy on every Monarch's Brow.

It is the Misfortune of Kings, that the Grandeur of their Rank will not permit them to taste the Felicities of a private Life.

A Prince who parts with his Friend to please his Enemies, cools the one, and inflames the other.

Beasts of Pleasure are seldom Beasts of Profit; but of the two, a Prince had better make a Favourite of his Minister, than a Minister of his Favourite.

What signifies a King's Prerogative of chusing Officers Military and Civil, while his Courtiers have that of disposing of their Places?

A wise Prince should suit his Gifts to Men's Capacities, not their Cravings.

Those will never value how much Money they give the King, who are to divide it after it is given.

A Prince who sells his Pardons, sells the innocent Blood of his Subjects, and is in some measure guilty of the shedding of it.

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